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PREFACE.

THERE are few who have attempted by means of books to prepare the infant mind for the reading of the Scriptures, who have not experienced the want of a suitable book by way of a first step.

It was under a feeling of the need of this preparation, that the writer of the following pages has ventured to publish her instructions of an infant class of little children; having been induced, in the first instance, to write them down as soon as given, with a view to the governess' recapitulating them during her absence of some months.

The first course of these conversations she now offers to the public, humbly hoping that it may be found useful:

1. As affording hints to the inexperienced teacher.
2. As a reward-book for children.
3. As an aid to the young mother in her conversations with her child of four or five years old.
4. As a book for Sunday reading for the same child at five or six.

It may appear that there are many books of a similar nature already published; but such as have met the writer's eye, have rather been commentaries on the Scriptures, than preparations for their perusal.

It is too common to defer religious instruction in schools, till the child can read in the Testament. *One quarter of an hour*, daily, devoted to instruction by word of mouth, would prepare the child for comprehending the meaning of the Testament, when able to read; whereas now it has to combat at once with the difficulties of reading, and the far greater difficulties of the subject it reads of.

Therefore it is not surprising that we should often find children who have read the Testament through, unable to answer the simplest question.

The writer has ventured, in this edition, to add some verses illustrative of each subject, in the hope of pleasing the little pupils who shall be instructed from the book; and *not* with a view of imposing the verses as a task to be learned by heart.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

When a new work, however insignificant, appears, it is natural to inquire why it was written; and it is natural for the writer to desire to prove that there was a sufficient cause. The present work attempts to impart religious instruction to the infant whose faculties are just opening.

Upon trial, it will be found that children can *understand* religious truths at a very early age; although the exact period is of course very different in different individuals. The child easily perceives that there must be a God, and acknowledges his power to be great; the only objections it raises to any doctrine are such, in general, as have never been solved by man, while the child finds no difficulty in believing that God's understanding is infinitely greater than its own.

And will it be deemed *undesirable* to instruct the infant in religion, when it is remembered that impressions made early on the mind are the most vivid and the most durable; that the readiest access is obtained to the young and tender heart; that *wrong* notions will be conceived by the ever busy intellect, if left uninstructed?

If these arguments be admitted, the next question will regard the *means* of imparting religious instruction to young children.

Shall they learn simple and short catechisms? Shall the Scriptures be read to them with explanation; or shall a few general truths be briefly stated to them?

Suppose a father compelled to leave his wife and child, and to sojourn in a distant land. In parting he commits the unconscious infant to the care of the mother, and thus expresses the feelings of a father's heart: "I know not when I shall return; the time may be near or far distant. This is my earnest request, that whenever I do, I may find my child acquainted with my love for it, and prepared to love me. Inspire it, if

possible, with a desire to please me, and mold its character in conformity to my views. To the ingenuity of your affection I confide the task."

How would the mother betake herself, in pursuance of this request? Would she take the letters of the father, written to herself, and read them to the child while yet its faculties were hardly unfolded? Would she not fear by this method producing weariness and disgust? Much less would she attempt by a series of written questions and answers, to be learned by heart as a task, to interest the child in its father. Nor would she content herself by giving a *general* description of his goodness.

Would not a mother, thus circumstanced, often talk to the child of its father in language suited to its capacity; relate anecdotes of his virtue, such as the child could comprehend; repeat the wise and good sayings he had uttered, yet translating them into language intelligible to the child? Verses in the father's praise would be familiar to the babe's lips; yet even these would be taught with discretion, and not forcibly imposed.

And has not Christ left his infant family with us? Has he not given us a charge concerning them in the well-known words, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God?"—Mark x. 14. Touching and comprehensive words! charge too imperfectly fulfilled! How often have efforts been made to bring these children to their Father's bosom, that have, in fact, driven them further from it!

Yet there are many mothers at the present time who are seeking to bring their children to Christ; and to them, as well as to the teachers of the infant poor, this little volume is presented.

The use of *language* in the communication of sacred truths, involves vast condescension on the part of God toward man. Had he not chosen to use this condescension toward us, and even to speak as though he had passions and bodily parts, he must ever have remained to us "an unknown God." Compared to *this* condescension, how slight is any that can be used by us in instructing children!

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THE PEEP OF DAY.

LESSON I.

OF THE BODY.

My dear little Children, You have seen the sun in the sky. Who put the sun in the sky? God.

Can you reach up so high? No.

Who holds up the sun, that it does not fall? It is God.

God lives in heaven; heaven is much higher than the sun.

Can you see God? No.

Yet he can see you, for God sees every thing.

God made every thing at first, and God takes care of every thing. God made the sun, and God makes it shine every day. God made the rain. God pours it down. God made the wind, and he makes it blow. God made you, my little child, and God keeps you alive.

You have a little body; from your head down to your feet, I call your body.

Your little body is alive. Are all things alive? No.

The stones are not alive. But you are not like the stones. Feel the stones. How cold they are. Your little body is warm. Who makes it warm? God.

Though God lives in heaven, he looks down from heaven, and keeps you alive.

Put your hand before your mouth. What do you feel coming out of your mouth? It is your breath. You breathe every moment. When you are asleep you breathe. You cannot help breathing. But who gives you breath?

God does every thing. God gave you this little body, and he makes it live and move and breathe. There are bones in your body. God has made them strong and hard. There are some bones for your arms, and some bones for your legs. There is a bone for your back, and more bones for your sides.

God has covered your bones with flesh. Your flesh is soft and warm.

In your flesh there is blood. God has put skin outside, and it covers your flesh and blood like a coat.

Now, all these things, the bones and flesh and blood and skin, are called your body. How kind it was in God to give you a body. I hope that your body will not get hurt.

Will your bones break? Yes, they would, if you were to fall down from a high place, or if a cart were to go over them.

If you were to be very sick, your flesh would waste away, and you would have scarcely any thing left but skin and bones.

Did you ever see a child who had been sick a very long while? I have seen a sick babe. It had not round cheeks like yours, and a fat arm like yours. Its flesh was almost gone, and its little bones were only covered with skin. God has kept you strong and well.

How easy it would be to hurt your poor little body.

If it were to fall into the fire, it would be burned up. If hot water were to fall upon it, it would be scalded. If it were to fall into deep water, and not be taken out very soon, it would be drowned. If a great knife were run through your body, the blood would come out. If a great box were to fall on your head, your head would be crushed. If you were to fall out of the window, your neck would be broken. If you were not to eat any food for a few days, your little body would be very sick, your breath would stop, and you would grow cold, and you would soon be dead.

You see that you have a very weak little body.

Can you keep your own body from being sick, and from getting hurt?

You should try not to hurt yourself, but God only can keep your body from all harm, from fire and water, from wounds and bruises, and all kinds of sickness. Kneel down and say to God, "Pray keep my poor little body from getting hurt." God will hear you, and go on taking care of you.

My little body's formed by God;
'Tis made of living flesh and blood;
The slender bones are placed within,
And over all is laid the skin.

My little body's very weak:
A fall or blow my bones might break;
The water soon might stop my breath;
The fire might close my eyes in death.

But God can keep me by his care;
To him I'll say this little prayer:
"O God, from harm my body keep,
Both when I wake, and when I sleep."

LESSON II.

OF A MOTHER'S CARE.

I HAVE told you, my darling, about your little body. Was your body always as big as it is now? No. Once it was very small indeed.

What were you called when your body was very small? A baby.

Now you can take a little care of yourself, but then you could take no care at all. Can babies walk, or talk, or feed themselves, or dress themselves? No.

But God gave you to one who took great care of you when you were a baby.

Who was it?

Your dear mother, she took care of you then. She nursed you in her arms, and fed you, and took you out in the air, and washed you, and dressed you. Do you love your mother? Yes.

I know you do. But who gave you a mother? It was God who gave you a kind mother.

A little while ago there was no such little creature as you. Then God made your little body, and he gave you to your mother, who loved you. It was God who made your mother love you so much, and made her so kind to you.

Your kind mother dressed your poor little body in neat clothes, and laid you in a cradle. When you cried, she gave you food, and hushed you to sleep in her arms. She showed you pretty things to make you smile. She held you up, and showed you how to move your feet. She taught you to speak, and she often kissed you, and called you sweet names.

Is your mother kind to you still? Yes, she is. Your mother has sent you to your nice school, and gives you supper when you go home. I know she will be kind to you as long as she lives.

But remember who gave you this mother. God sent you to a dear mother, instead of putting you in the fields, where no one would have seen you, or taken care of you.

Can your mother keep you alive? No. She can feed you, but she cannot make your breath go on.

God thinks of you every moment. If he were to forget you, your breath would stop.

Do you ever thank your mother for her kindness? Yes. You often say, "Thank you;" and sometimes you put your arms round her neck, and say, "I do love you so much, dear mother!" Will you not thank God who gave you a mother, and keeps you alive? You should kneel down when you speak to God; then you should say, "O God, how good you have been to me. I thank you, and love you."

Would God hear your little thanks? Yes, God would hear, and be pleased.

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
My mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet hushaby,
And rocked me, that I should not cry?
My mother.

Who sat and watched my infant head,
When sleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed?
My mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
Who gazed upon my heavy eye,
And wept for fear that I should die?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.

And can I ever cease to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My mother.

Ah, no, the thought I cannot bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and gray,
My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
And I will soothe thy pains away,
My mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of sweet affection shed,
My mother.

For God who lives above the skies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I should ever dare despise
My mother.

LESSON III.

OF A FATHER'S CARE.

Who is it that dresses you, and feeds you? Your dear mother.

But how does your mother get money to buy the clothes and the food? Father brings it home.

How does your father get money? He works in the field.

Your father works all day long, and he gets money and brings it home to mother. He says to your mother, "Buy some bread with this money, and give some of it to the children." Will your father give his money to buy bread for you? That is very kind in him. Do you love your father?

How hard your poor father works in the fields.

What is your father, little Ann? He is a thresher.

Your father then works hard on the farm. In the summer he takes his scythe to mow the grass, and as he mows, he bends his back till it aches. In harvest-time he takes his sickle and reaps, while the hot sun beats upon his poor head. Afterwards he threshes the grain with all his strength. In the cold weather he works hard, sometimes while the cold rain and sleet beat upon his face. Why does he bear all this? That you may have plenty of food, and be fat and rosy. While he is working, he often thinks of you, and hopes that he shall find you a good child when he comes home. You are glad to see him, I know. Sometimes you run to meet him, you set a chair by the fire, and then you climb upon his knee. Sometimes he is too much tired to speak to you. Then you wait till he has had his supper.

What is your father, Mary? A shepherd.

Your father watches the sheep all day long. Sometimes he gets up in the night to look after

the young lambs, and the sick sheep. What a kind father God has given you.

Who made your father love you at first? It was God.

Your father loves you so much that he gives you all you want. He has a little cottage, and he pays some of his money for it, but he allows you to live in it with him. He lets you sit upon one of his chairs, or upon a little stool by his nice warm fire; and he gives you some of his breakfast, dinner, and supper.

If your father were to die, what should you do? You would then be a fatherless child.

Could your father die? O yes; many little children have no father. I have heard of a little child whose father fell down from a high ladder, and was killed. Another child's father was kicked by a horse, and died. Another father was digging a deep well, and his breath was stopped. Some children's fathers fall sick, and die.

Perhaps your father may die, but God can keep him alive. You can pray to God to keep him alive. In the morning you can say, "Let father come home this evening safe."

But if God were to let your father die, you would still have one Father left. Whom do I mean? What do you say in your prayer? "Our Father who art in heaven."

Yes, you have a Father in heaven, besides the father you have at home, for God is your Father. Can your heavenly Father die? No, never.

Does he love you? Yes.

He loves you even more than your other father does. He is always thinking of you. He is always looking at you. He gives you part of his

things. He would like to have you come and live with him in heaven some day. He loves your father too. He is the Father of your father.

Let us think of some of the things which your heavenly Father has given to you. Let us count them over.

1. A father to work for you.
2. A mother to take care of you.
3. A house to live in.
4. A bed to sleep in.
5. Fire to warm you.
6. Clothes to wear.
7. Food to eat.
8. Breath every moment.

LITTLE ANN'S FATHER, WHO IS A LABORER IN THE FIELDS.

At early morn to work he goes,
Through wintry rain and sleet;
In summer when he reaps and mows,
He faints beneath the heat:
And what he earns he shares with me;
How very thankful I should be!

LITTLE MARY'S FATHER, WHO IS A SHEPHERD.

On hills and moors his day he spends
In watching o'er his sheep;
His weak young lambs at night he tends,
When I am fast asleep;
And what he earns he shares with me;
How very thankful I should be!

LITTLE SUSAN'S FATHER, WHO IS A FISHERMAN.

His net he casts into the sea,
And brings the fish to shore;
When waves are high, I fear lest he
Should never come back more:
And what he earns he shares with me;
How very thankful I should be!

LESSON IV.

OF THE SOUL.

Has God been kind to dogs? Has he given them bodies? Yes.

Have they bones, and flesh, and blood, and skin? Yes.

The dog has a body as well as you. Is the dog's body like yours? No.

How many legs have you? Two.

How many legs has the dog? Four.

Have you got arms? Yes, two.

Has the dog got arms? No, it has got no arms or hands. But the dog has legs instead. Your skin is smooth, but the dog is covered with hair.

Is the cat's body like yours? No, it is covered with fur.

Is a chicken's body like yours? How many legs has the chicken? Two.

And so have you. But are its legs like yours? No; the chicken has very thin, dark legs, and it has claws instead of feet.

Have you feathers on your skin? Have you wings? Is your mouth like a chicken's beak? Has the chicken any teeth? No, the chicken's body is not at all like yours. Yet the chicken has a body, for it has flesh, and bones, and blood, and skin.

Has a fly a body? Yes, it has a black body, and six black legs, and two wings like glass. Its body is not at all like yours.

Who gave bodies to dogs, horses, chickens, and flies? Who keeps them alive?

God thinks of them all every moment.

Can a dog thank God? No; dogs and horses, sheep and cows, cannot thank God.

Why cannot they thank God? Is it because they cannot talk?

That is not the reason.

The reason is, they cannot think of God. They never heard of God. They cannot understand about God.

Why not? Because they have no *souls*, or spirits, like yours.

Have you a soul? Yes, in your body there is a soul which will never die. Your soul can think of God.

When God made your body, he put your soul inside. Are you glad of that? When God made the dogs, he put no soul like yours inside their bodies, and they cannot think of God.

Can I see your soul? No; I cannot see it. No one can see it but God. He knows what you are thinking of now.

Which is best, your soul or your body? Your soul is a great deal the best. Why is your soul the best? Your body can die, but your soul cannot die.

Shall I tell you what your body is made of? Of dust. God made the dust into flesh and blood.

What is your soul made of? Your soul or spirit is made of the breath of God.

That little dog will die some day. Its body will be thrown away. The dog will be quite gone, when its body is dead. But when your body dies, your soul will be alive, and you will not be quite gone.

Where would you be put, if you were dead?

Your body would be put in a grave in the ground, but your soul would not be in the grave. Even a little baby has a soul or a spirit.

One day as I was walking in the streets, I saw a man carrying a little coffin. Some people were walking behind, crying. There was a dead baby in the coffin. Was the soul of the baby in the coffin? No, its soul had gone up to God.

Will you not thank God for giving you a spirit? Will you not ask him to take your spirit to live with him, when your body dies? Say to God, "Pray, take my spirit to live with thee when my body dies and turns into dust."

CHILD.

Tell me, mamma, if I must die,
One day, as little baby died;
And look so very pale, and lie
Down in the graveyard by his side?

Shall I leave dear papa and you,
And never see you any more?
Tell me, mamma, if this is true;
I did not know it was before.

MAMMA.

Tis true, my love, that you must die,
The God who made you says you *must*,
And every one of us shall lie,
Like the dear baby, in the dust.

These hands, and feet, and busy head,
Shall waste and crumble quite away;
But though your body shall be dead,
There is a part which can't decay.

JANE TAYLOR.

What is that part which can't decay? It is your soul.

Your body will decay: it will turn to dust; but your soul will live for ever: it will never decay.

LESSON V.

OF THE GOOD ANGELS.

You know that God lives in heaven. He sits on a great white throne. He has no body, for he is a spirit.

Does he live in heaven alone? No; angels stand around his throne.

What are angels? Angels are spirits.

They are bright like the sun, but they are not so bright as God, for he is brighter than the sun. The angels are always looking at God, and it is God that makes them shine so bright.

They sing sweet songs about God. They say, "How good God is, how wise, how great."

There is no night in heaven, for the angels are never tired of singing, and they never wish to sleep. They are never sick, and they will never die.

They never weep; there are no tears upon their cheeks, but sweet smiles, for angels are always happy.

If the angels were wicked, they would be unhappy. Wickedness always makes people unhappy. The angels are quite good. They love God very much, and mind all he says.

They can fly very quickly. God sends them down here to take care of us. They are very strong, and can keep us from harm.

Should you like to have the angels near you at night? Do you know this pretty verse of a hymn?

I lay my body down to sleep,
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep,
Their watchful stations round my bed.

You must ask God to send the angels, for they never go except when God sends them.

God is their father. They have not two fathers, as you have. The angels are the children of God, and live in God's house in heaven. When you mind what your father tells you, then you are like the angels who mind God.

The angels love us very much. They wish us to grow good, and to come to live with them in heaven. When a child is sorry for its naughtiness, and prays to God to forgive it, the angels are very much pleased.

When a little child who loves God falls sick, and is going to die, God says to the angels, "Go and fetch that little child's soul up to heaven." Then the angels fly down, the little darling shuts its eyes, it lays its head on its mother's bosom, its breath stops; the child is dead. Where is its soul? The angels are carrying it up to heaven.

How happy the child is now. Its pain is over; God has made it holy; it is bright like an angel. It holds a harp in its hand, and begins to sing a sweet song of praise to God. Its little body is put into a grave, and turns into dust. One day God will make its body alive again.

Dear children, will you pray to God to send his angels to take your souls when you die?

Around God's glorious throne above,
The happy angels stand,
And ever praise the God they love,
And fly at his command.

Their faces, like the sun, are bright,
And sweetest smiles they wear;
They never sleep—there is no night,
Nor need of candle there.

But though the angels live so high,
They love us men below;
And hope to see us in the sky,
In garments white as snow.

And when a dying infant lies
Upon its mother's breast,
The angels watch it while it dies,
And take its soul to rest.

LESSON VI.

OF THE WICKED ANGELS.

When did God begin to live in heaven? God always lived in heaven.

Once there was no such little child as you, but there always was God.

Once there was no sun, but there always was God.

Once there were no angels, but there always was God.

No one made God; God was first of all things, and God made every thing.

A very long while ago God made the angels. How many angels did he make? No one could tell how many. There were more than could be counted. They were all good and happy.

But some of the angels became wicked. They left off loving God, and grew proud and disobedient.

Would God let them stay in heaven after they sinned? No; he cast them out, and put them in chains, and shut them up in hell.

One of these bad angels was called Satan. He was the chief, or prince of the bad angels. He is called the devil. The devil is very wicked, and hates God.

He can never go back to heaven again, but he comes here where we live, and other devils come also.

We can not see Satan, because he is a spirit, but he is always walking about, and trying to make people naughty.

Satan loves mischief; he does not wish to be good. It pleases Satan to see people in pain and in tears, but it pleases him best to see them wicked, because then he thinks that they will come and live with him in his dark place. He wishes that there should be a great many people in hell, so he tries to make us do wicked things, and to keep us from praying to God.

I can not tell you how very bad Satan is. He is very cruel, for he likes to give pain. He is a liar, and teaches people to tell lies. He is proud, and wishes people to mind him more than God. He is envious, and can not bear to see people happy.

The devil hopes very much that you will come and be with him when you die. He knows that, if you are bad like him, you will live with him. So he tries to make you like himself. When you are in a passion, you are like the devil. When you say, "I dont care," you are like the devil. When you think yourself good, you are proud like the devil.

Can God keep you from minding the devil? Yes, he can; for God is a great deal stronger than Satan. Besides this, God is always near you, for God is everywhere. Now, Satan can not be everywhere at the same time. It is true, that Satan has a great many bad angels, who go where he tells them; and that Satan and his angels come near you very often. But God is always with you; he is before you and behind you, and on every side

of you: he is about your bed when you sleep, and about your path when you walk. Therefore you need not be afraid of Satan; only ask God to help you, and he will do so.

Satan is much stronger than you are; but God is stronger than all. If any body were to come to hurt you when you were alone, you would be frightened; but if you saw your father coming, you would run to him, and you would not be frightened any more. Now, God is your Father; he can keep Satan from hurting you. Pray to him, and say, "O, dear Father, keep me from being wicked like the devil, and from going to hell."

Satan was once an angel bright,
And worshiped God on high;
But now he dwells in darkest night
And endless misery.

Daring his God to disobey,
He lost his happy state:
Sinners above could never stay,
Around God's throne to wait.

Thousands of angels with him fell,
Who owned him as their king;
Hoping with us to share their hell,
They tempt our souls to sin.

CHILD.

God, unto thee I'll lift my prayer—
He'll hear an infant cry—
"Save me, O God, lest I should share
In Satan's misery."

VERSES FOR VERY YOUNG CHILDREN.

ON THE SUBJECT OF THE PRECEDING LESSONS.

God lives on high
Beyond the sky,
And angels bright,
All clothed in white,
The praises sing
Of heaven's King.

This God can see
Both you and me;
Can see at night,
As in the light:
And all we do,
Remember too.

'Tis he bestows
My food and clothes,
And my soft bed
To rest my head,
And cottage neat,
And mother sweet.

And should not I
Forever try
To do what he
Has ordered me,
And dearly love
This Friend above?

I always should
Be very good:
At home, should mind
My parents kind:
At school, obey
What teachers say.

Now, if I fight,
And scratch and bite,
In passions fall,
And bad names call,
Full well I know
Where I shall go.

Satan is glad
When I am bad,
And hopes that I
With him shall lie
In fire and chains,
And dreadful pains.

All liars dwell
With him in hell,
And many more
Who cursed and swore,
And all who did
What God forbid.

And I have not
Done what I ought:
I am not fit
With God to sit,
And angels bright
All clothed in white.

I will confess
My naughtiness;
And will entreat
For mercy sweet.
O Lord, forgive,
And let me live.

My body must
Be turned to dust;
Then let me fly
Beyond the sky,
And see thy face
In that sweet place.

LESSON VII.

THE WORLD—PART I.

GENESIS i. 1-10.

THIS large place we live in is called the world. It is very beautiful. If we look up, we see the

blue sky; if we look down, we see the green grass. The sky is like a curtain spread over our heads, the grass like a carpet under our feet, and the bright sun is like a candle to give us light. It was very kind in God to make such a beautiful world, and to let us live in it.

God was in heaven, and all his bright angels round him, when he began to make the world.

God's Son was with him, for God always had a Son just like himself. His Son's name is Jesus Christ. He is as good and great as God his Father. The Father and the Son are God: they always lived together, and they love each other exceedingly. The Father and the Son are one God, and he made the world.

How did God make the world? By speaking. First of all, God made the light. God said, "Let there be light; and there was light." No one can make things by speaking, but God: God made things of nothing. He only spoke and the light came.

Then God made the air. You can not see the air, but you can feel it. The air is everywhere. You can sometimes hear the noise it makes, for you can hear the wind blow, and the wind is air.

God made the clouds. The clouds are full of water, and sometimes the water comes down, and we call it rain.

God made a large, deep place, and filled it with water. God spoke to the water, and it rushed into the deep place. God called this water the sea.

The sea is very large, and it is always moving up and down and tossing itself. When the wind blows hard, the sea makes a loud noise and roars;

but it can not get out of the large, deep place in which God has put it; for God said, Stay there.

But God made some dry land for us to walk upon; we call it ground. We could not walk upon the sea, nor build houses on the sea; but the ground is hard, and firm, and dry.

Now I have told you of five things that God made.

1. The light. 2. The air. 3. The clouds. 4. The sea. 5. The dry land.

Let us praise God for making such a large and beautiful world.

'Twas God who made this world so fair,
The shining sun, the sky, the air;
'Twas God who made the sea, the ground,
And all the things I see around.

When he began the world to make,
These were the mighty words he spake:
"Let there be light:" his voice was heard,
And the obedient light appeared.

The angels saw the light arise,
And with their praises filled the skies:
"How great our God; how wise, how strong!"
Such is their never-ending song.

LESSON VIII.

THE WORLD—PART II.

GENESIS i. 11–19.

WHEN God made the dry land there was nothing on it; it was bare. So God spake, and things grew out of the ground.

Trees came up out of it; they were covered with green leaves of different shapes. Some were

called oak-trees, and some were called elm-trees, and some beach trees. And some trees bore nice fruit, such as plum-trees, apple-trees, orange-trees, and fig-trees.

Vegetables grew out of the earth; potatoes and beans, cabbages and lettuce, they are called vegetables.

Corn* came out of it. Some corn is called wheat, and some corn is called barley, and some is called oats, and some is called maize, or Indian corn. The ears of corn, when they are ripe, look yellow like gold.

God made the soft green grass to spring up, and the flowers to grow among the grass; flowers of all colors, and of sweet smell: the yellow buttercup, the white lily, the blue violet, and the rose, the most beautiful of all flowers.

I have told you of five sorts of things which grow out of the earth.

1. Trees. 2. Vegetables. 3. Corn. 4. Grass. 5. Flowers.

The world looked very beautiful when it was covered with grass and trees. But only God and the angels saw its beauty.

Afterward God placed the sun in the sky, and bade it shine all day, and go from one end of the world to the other. God made the moon to shine at night, and he filled the sky with stars.

You never saw any thing so bright as the sun. It is very large indeed, only it looks small, because it is a great way off. It can not fall, for God holds it up. God makes it move across the sky. Did you ever hear this pretty verse about the sun?

* In the Bible the word *corn* is used to denote several kinds of grain.

My God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.

DR. WATTS.

The moon does not shine as brightly as the sun, for God lets it be dark at night, that we may rest and sleep soundly.

Who could count the stars? No one but God. He knows their names and their number too. When we look at the moon and stars, let us think "how great God is." Yet he cares for the little birds, and loves little children.

CHILD.

I saw the glorious sun arise
O'er yonder mountain gray;
And as he travelled through the skies
The darkness went away,
And all around me was so bright
I wished it would be always light.

But when his shining course was done
The gentle moon drew nigh,
And stars came twinkling, one by one,
Upon the shady sky.
Who made the sun to shine so far,
The moon and every twinkling star?

MAMMA.

'Twas God, my child, who made them all
By his almighty skill;
He keeps them, that they do not fall,
And guides them as he will:
That glorious God, who lives afar
In heaven beyond the highest star.

JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON IX.

THE WORLD—PART III.

GENESIS i. 20–25.

GOD had made a great many things; but none of these things were alive. At last he made some living things. He spoke, and the water was filled with fishes, more than could be counted.

Some were very small, and some were very large. Have you heard of the great whale? It is a fish as long as a church. Fishes are cold and they have no feet, and they can not sing nor speak.

God made some creatures, more beautiful than fish, to fly out of the water. The birds: they perched upon the trees, and sang among the branches.

Birds have wings, and are covered with feathers of all colors. The robin has a red breast; the goldfinch has yellow feathers, and the jay blue ones: but the peacock is the most beautiful of birds. It has a little tuft upon its head, and a long train that sweeps behind; sometimes it spreads out its feathers, and they look like a large fan. The thrush, the blackbird, and the linnet, can sing sweetly; but there is one bird that can sing more sweetly still—it is the nightingale. At night, when all the other birds have left off singing, the nightingale may be heard, in the woods.

Some birds swim upon the water; such as geese, and ducks, and the beautiful swan with its long neck, and its feathers like the snow.

Some birds are very tall. The ostrich is as tall as a man. It can not fly like other birds, but it can run very fast indeed.

The eagle builds its nest in a very high place. Its wings are very strong, and it can fly as high as the clouds.

The gentlest of the birds is the dove. It can not sing, but it sits alone and moans softly, as if it were sad.

I can not tell you the names of all the birds, but you can think of the names of some other kinds.

There is another sort of living creatures called insects. God made them come out of the earth, and not out of the water, like birds and fishes. Insects, are small, and creep upon the earth; such as ants. Some insects can fly; such as bees and butterflies. The bee sucks the juice of flowers, and makes wax and honey. How gay are the wings of the butterfly: they are covered with little feathers too small for you to see.

All the insects were good and pretty when God made them.

At last God made the beasts. They came out of the earth when God spoke. Beasts walk upon the earth: most of them have four legs. You know the names of a great many sorts of beasts. Sheep and cows, dogs and cats, are beasts. But there are many other sorts besides. The squirrel that jumps from bough to bough, the rabbit that lives in a hole under ground, and the goat that climbs the high hills; the stag with his beautiful horns, the lion with his yellow hair, the tiger whose skin is marked with stripes. The elephant is the largest of the beasts, the lion is the strongest, the dog is the most sensible, the stag is the most beautiful, but the lamb is the gentlest. The dove is the gentlest of the birds, and the lamb is the gentlest of the beasts.

Now God had filled the world with living creatures, and they were all good; even lions and tigers were good and harmless. I have told you of four sorts of living creatures.

1. Fishes. 2. Birds. 3. Insects. 4. Beasts.

All these creatures have bodies, but they have not souls like you. They can move and breathe. God feeds them every day, and keeps them alive. The Lord is good to them all.

When God first clothed the earth with green,
And sprinkled it with flowers,
There were no living creatures seen
Within its pleasant bowers.

Soon by his word God filled the earth,
And waters underneath,
With things above the plants in worth,
That feel, and move, and breathe.

The fishes, covered o'er with scales,
In ocean swiftly glide;
With their vast tails the wondrous whales
Scatter the waters wide.

The birds among the branches sing,
And chief the nightingale;
The peacock shines with painted wing,
The dove does softly wail.

Insects with humming fill the air,
And sparkle in the sun;
The butterfly by colors fair
Surpasses every one.

The beasts tread firmly on the ground;
The goat has nimble feet:
The stag 's with branching antlers crowned;
The lamb 's most soft and sweet.

Pleasure the whole creation fills:
They leap, they swim, they fly;
They skim the plains, they climb the hills,
Or in the valleys lie.

With herbs for food the Lord provides
His numerous family;
The lion with the lamb abides,
The dove and hawk agree.

In all the woods no sounds of strife,
Or piteous moans arise;
None takes away his fellow's life,
And none expiring lies.

These happy days, alas, are past,
And death has entered here:
Why did they not for ever last;
And *when* did death appear?

LESSON X.

ADAM AND EVE.

GENESIS i. 26, TO THE END OF CHAPTER ii.

Now I shall tell you of the last thing God made.

God took some of the dust of the ground and made the body of a man; then he breathed on it, and gave it a soul; so the man could understand about God. Adam was good and holy like God. Adam loved God very much.

God put him in a very pretty garden, full of trees covered with fruit. This garden was called the garden of Eden. God showed Adam all the beasts and birds, and let Adam give them what names he pleased. He said to Adam, I give you all the fishes, and insects, and birds, and beasts; you are their master. So Adam was lord over all things on the earth.

God said to Adam, You may eat of the fruit that grows on the trees in the garden. Still God did not let him be idle, but told him to take care of the garden.

You see how very kind God was to Adam. But Adam had no friend to be with him; for the beasts and birds could not talk to Adam. Then God said he would make a woman to be a friend to Adam. So God made Adam fall fast asleep, and while he was asleep, God took a piece of flesh out of his side, and made it into a woman. When Adam woke, he saw her. He knew that she was made of his flesh and bones, and he loved her very much. Her name was Eve.

You have heard of all the things God made. They were all beautiful; and all the living things were quite happy; there was no pain, and no sighing, and no sin in all the world.

God had been six days in making the world. And when he had finished it, he rested and made no more things.

The angels saw the world that God had made; they were pleased, and sang a sweet song of praise to God. Jesus Christ the Son of God was pleased, for he loved Adam and Eve.

How did I know about the world being made? It is written in the Bible, which is God's own book.

Let us count over the things that God made.

1. Light. 2. Air. 3. Clouds. 4. Sea. 5. Dry land. 6. Things that grow out of the earth. 7. Sun, moon, and stars. 8. Living creatures.

LESSON XI.

THE FIRST SIN.

GENESIS iii.

ADAM and Eve were very happy in the garden of Eden. They talked to each other, and walked

together, and loved each other, and they praised God for all his kindness to them.

God used to talk with them sometimes. They were pleased to hear his voice, for they were not afraid of him.

There was one thing that God had told them not to do.

There was a tree in the middle of the garden; it grew by the side of the river. Some beautiful fruit grew upon it; but God said to Adam and Eve, You must not eat of the fruit of that tree; for if you eat of it, you shall die.

Adam and Eve liked to obey God, and they did not wish to eat of this fruit.

The wicked angel Satan hates God, and he hated Adam and Eve. He wished to make them wicked, that they might go to hell, and be burned in his fire. So he thought he would ask them to eat of that fruit. He went into the garden and looked like a serpent. He saw Eve alone near the tree. He said to her, Why will you not eat of this nice fruit?

Eve answered, No, I will not; we must not eat of that fruit: if we do, God has said we shall die. Then the serpent said, You shall not die; that fruit will make you wise.

Eve looked at the fruit; it seemed nice and pretty, and she picked some and ate it; and she gave some to Adam, and he ate it.

It was very wicked in them to eat this fruit. Now they became sinners, and did not love God.

Soon they heard God speaking in the garden; then they were frightened, and they went and hid themselves among the trees. But God saw them, for he can see everywhere.

And God said, Adam, where art thou? So Adam and Eve came from under the trees.

God said to Adam, Have you eaten the fruit that I told you not to eat?

And Adam said, It was this woman who asked me to eat.

And God said to Eve, What is this that thou hast done?

And Eve said, the serpent asked me to eat.

God was angry with Satan, and said he should be punished for ever and ever.

God said to Adam and Eve, You shall die. I made your bodies of dust, and they will turn to dust again.

God would not let them stay in the sweet garden, but he sent an angel with a sword of fire, and he drove them out. And the angel stood before the gate with his sword, so that they could not come again into the garden.

Near Eden's land, in days gone by,
A lovely garden stood:
The trees were pleasant to the eye;
The fruit was good for food.

Two holy creatures spent their days
Within that garden fair;
In love they dwelt—they sang God's praise,
And humbly knelt in prayer.

In that sweet land one tree was placed,
Their faithful love to try:
"That fruit," God said, "you shall not taste;
Who eats shall surely die."

O why did Eve to Satan's lies
So readily attend?
Upon the fruit why fix her eyes,
Then pluck it with her hand?

No more shall Eve or Adam stay
Within that garden fair;
An angel stands to guard the way,
That none may enter there.

LESSON XII.

THE SON OF GOD.

Genesis iii. 14–24.

Are you not very sorry to hear that Adam and Eve were turned out of the garden?

It was not so pleasant outside of the garden. A great many weeds and thistles grew outside; but in the garden there were only pretty flowers and sweet fruits.

Adam was forced to dig the ground till he was hot and tired, for he could not always find fruit upon the trees.

Now, Adam felt pain in his body sometimes; and his hair became gray, and at last he was quite old.

Eve was often very sick and weak, and tears ran down her cheeks. Poor Adam and Eve! if you had obeyed God, you would have been happy for ever.

Adam and Eve knew that they must die at last: God gave them some little children; and Adam and Eve knew that their children must die too. God had told them that their bodies were made of dust, and that they must turn to dust again.

But there was something more sad still. They had become wicked. They did not love praising God as they once had done, but they liked doing many naughty things. They had grown

like Satan; so Satan hoped, that when their bodies were put into the ground, their spirits would be with him; for Satan knew that the wicked could not live with God in heaven.

And they would have gone to hell, and all their children too, had not God taken pity upon them. God, who is very kind, had found out a way to save them.

God had said to his Son a long, long while before, Adam and Eve and all their children must go to hell for their wickedness, unless you die instead of them. My beloved Son, I will send you; you shall have a body; you shall go and live in the world, and you shall obey me, and you shall die for Adam and his children.

The Son said to his Father, I will go; I will do all that you desire me to do. It is my delight to obey you.

So the Son promised that he would die for Adam and Eve, and for their children.

How kind it was in the Father to give up his dear Son whom he loved so very much! How kind it was in the Son to leave his throne of light, his bright angels, and his dear Father, and to take a body and to die!

You know that we are some of Adam's children's children. It was for us that Jesus came to die. We are wicked, and we should go to hell, if Jesus had not promised to die for us. We ought to love the Father and the Son, because they had pity on us.

Let us praise God, with the angels, and say,

We thank thee, O Father, for thy tender love, in giving up thine only Son.

We thank thee, O Son, for thy tender love, in coming down to bleed and die.

The Father waited a long while before he sent his Son down to be a man.

All the time the Son waited in heaven, he thought of what he had promised to do; but he would not go and be a man till his Father pleased to send him.

Adam has sinned, and on the ground
Shall thorns and thistles grow;
His flesh shall turn to dust; his soul—
Ah, whither shall it go?

Shall one who dared to disobey,
With God for ever dwell?
When angels sinned, God did not spare,
But cast them down to hell.

Yet long before the world was made,
Our God contrived a plan,
By which the sinful soul to save,
And pardon guilty man.

The Father said his Son should die;
The Son replied, "I will:
A feeble body I will take;
This body men shall kill."

Father, how great thy love to man,
To send thy Son from high!
How great thy love, O glorious Son,
To come, and bleed, and die!

LESSON XIII.

THE VIRGIN MARY.

LUKE i. 26–55.

GOD told Adam and Eve that he would send his Son down some day to die for them. But Adam and Eve did not love God; for they were grown wicked.

Could God make them good?

Yes, he could; for there is a Holy Spirit in heaven, and the Holy Spirit could come into them and make them good.

You know, my little children, we are wicked, but God can make us good with his Holy Spirit. If God puts his Holy Spirit in us, we shall not go to hell and live with Satan.

I hope you will ask God to give you his Holy Spirit. Say to God, "O, give me thy Holy Spirit, to make me good!"

Adam had a great many children and grandchildren, and they had more children; at last the world was full of people—more people than you could count.

After Adam and Eve had been dead a long while, and when the world was full of people, God said to his Son, Now go down into the world.

But the Son must be a little babe first—every body is a little babe at first.

So God chose to send his Son to be the babe of a poor woman. This woman's name was Mary. Mary had no children. She was a good woman, and loved God. God's Holy Spirit was in her, and made her meek and gentle.

One day an angel came to her. When Mary saw the bright angel, she was frightened; but the angel said, Fear not, Mary, God loves you. He will give you a babe, that shall be the Son of God. You shall call his name Jesus. He will come to save people from Satan.

Mary was much surprised at what the angel said. She thought she was not good enough to have such a babe as the Lord Jesus.

When the angel was gone back to heaven, Mary

sang a sweet song of praise to God for his goodness. Mary said, My soul praises God, and my spirit is glad because of my Saviour.

Mary called her babe her Saviour, for she knew that he would save her from hell.

I wonder not that Mary feared,
When Gabriel to her appeared;
How could she know he came to bring
So sweet a message from his king?

Full long the Son in heaven had stayed,
Since first the promise had been made,
To shed his blood for Adam's sin,
And happiness for man to win.

But yet the Son had ne'er forgot,
And what he said he changed not;
The time was come he should be born,
And in this world should live forlorn.

Mary shall be thy mother dear,
Who in her arms the child shall bear;
The angel came this news to bring,
And Mary listened wondering.

And shall the Lord a poor maid choose,
And all the great and rich refuse?
But God high honors love to place
On those who humbly seek his face.

LESSON XIV.

THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

Luke ii. 1–7.

Mary had a husband called Joseph. He was a good man, and very kind to Mary.

Now, before Mary's babe was born, a great king said that every body must pay him some money. So Mary and Joseph took some money, and left

their house, and went a great way to pay the money to the king. At last they came to a town called Bethlehem.

It was night. Where could they sleep? They went to an inn, and said, "Will you let us in? we have come from a great way off."

But the master of the inn said, "I have no room in my inn for you."

What could poor Mary do? Must she sleep in the street? Mary said she would sleep in the stable, if the master would let her.

So Mary and Joseph went into the stable. There were cows and asses in the stable.

While Mary was in the stable the promised babe was born. She knew it was the son of God, though it looked like other little babes.

She wrapped it in some long clothes called swaddling clothes; but she had no cradle for it to sleep in, and she could not lay it on the ground, lest the beasts should tread upon it; so she put it in the manger, and she sat by it to take care of it.

How dearly Mary loved this sweet babe!

It had no sin like other babes, but was meek and lovely. Yet other babes have cradles and soft pillows, while Jesus lay in a manger.

I will tell you a verse to say to your little brother, when you rock his cradle.

Soft and easy is thy cradle;
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When his birth-place was a stable,
And his softest bed was hay.

DR. WATTS.

LESSON XV.

THE SHEPHERDS.

LUKE ii. 8–20.

ON the night when Jesus was born, some shepherds were sitting by their sheep in the fields near Bethlehem. Why did they set up at night. To keep their sheep from the wolves and lions, who prowl about at night. There are no wolves and lions where we live but near Bethlehem there were many wild beasts.

These shepherds saw a great light. A beautiful angel came from heaven. The poor shepherds were afraid; but the angel said, Fear not; I have good news to tell you. God has sent his own Son from heaven to save you from hell. He is a babe now, lying in a manger. Go to Bethlehem, and you will find him.

The angel had scarcely done speaking, when hundreds of bright angels filled the sky, and began singing songs of praise to God.

The great God has sent his Son to save men: praise him for his goodness.

At last the angels went back to heaven, and the shepherds were left alone.

Did they stay with their sheep? No; they said, Let us go and see the Son of God.

They ran to Bethlehem, and went to the stable of the inn. There was a babe lying in the manger; Mary and Joseph were sitting by. The shepherds said, This is the Son of God. Angels have spoken to us to-night, and told us where to find him.

All the people in Bethlehem were much surprised when the shepherds told them about the angels and the Son of God.

Blessed babe what glorious features,
Spotless, fair, divinely bright!
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the sight.

Was there nothing but a manger
Sinners could to him afford,
To receive the heavenly stranger?
Did they thus affront the Lord?

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky;
Where they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a dressing;
Lovely infant, how he smiled!
When he wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

DR. WATTS.

LESSON XVI.

THE WISE MEN.

MATTHEW II.

THERE were some wise and rich men, who lived a great way from Bethlehem. They knew that God had sent his Son to be a babe; but the men did not know where to find him; so God put a star in the sky, and God said to them, Go where the star moves.

So the wise men left their houses, and set out on a long journey: but first they said, Let us bring some presents for the Son of God; for he is a King.

They took some gold, and some sweet-smelling stuff to burn. They looked at the star as they went. At last it stopped over a house in Bethlehem. The wise men were very glad indeed.

They longed to see the Son of God. They came in, and there they saw Mary and her child Jesus; they fell down, and began to praise him, and to call him the Son of God, and the King.

They took out their presents and gave them to him. Mary was poor; but now she had some money to buy things for her little babe.

Lo, travellers enter Bethlehem's gate,
Arrived from some far distant land;
They seem to be of high estate,
And hold rich presents in their hand.

They swiftly pass from street to street,
Nor need they fear to go astray,
Nor need they ask the men they meet,
To guide them in their unknown way.

For see where shines a beauteous star;
On it they fix their joyful eyes:
That heavenly guide has led them far,
And now it lightens Bethlehem's skies.

But lo, it stops—its course is done;
On Mary's roof it sheds a light:
Enter; there dwells God's blessed Son—
Enter; enjoy the glorious sight.

But where is He, the Lord of all,
Who made the heavens, and earth, and seas?
Behold him there an infant small,
Lying upon his mother's knees.

Their Lord full well the strangers knew,
And humbly worship at his feet;
Joyful their golden treasures show,
And burn their precious spices sweet.

O happy they who knelt that day
Before the lovely infant's face,
And who believed, though clad in clay,
That he was Lord of every place.

And shall not I be happy too,
If, though his face I never saw,
I feel for him affection true,
And still obey his holy law?

Nor gold, nor spices need I give,
To show my Lord how much I love;
But I may serve him while I live,
And thus my warm affection prove.

LESSON XVII.

KING HEROD.

MATTHEW ii.; LUKE ii. 51, 52.

THERE was a very wicked king called Herod. He lived a little way from Bethlehem. He heard that a babe was born in Bethlehem, and that some people said that the babe was a King.

Now Herod did not like that there should be any other king besides himself. Herod did not like that even the Son of God should be King. So Herod said, I will kill this babe, that is called a King.

Herod knew that this babe was in Bethlehem; but there were many babes in Bethlehem, and Herod did not know which was the babe that was called a King.

Some people knew which it was; but they loved Jesus, and they would not tell Herod. A very wicked thought came into Herod's mind. He thought, "I will kill all the babes in Bethlehem." Do you think God would let Herod kill his Son? No; God knew what Herod meant to do. God sent one of his bright angels to speak to Joseph when he was asleep.

The angel said, A wicked king wants to kill the babe. Get up, Joseph; take Mary and the babe a great way off. So Joseph got up quickly; he took his ass, he put Mary on it, and she held the babe. It was dark when they set off. Nobody saw them go.

The next morning some men came with swords. Herod had sent them. They were come to kill all the babes. They opened every door, and said, Is there a babe here? Then they snatched it from its mother, and killed it, and the poor mother cried bitterly.

Had you walked down the streets you would have heard nothing but women weeping and crying out, My pretty babe is dead; I shall never see it more.

Was Jesus killed?

No; he had gone far away. His Father, God, had sent him away. Herod could not kill him, for God would not let him die so soon.

At last king Herod died. Then God sent an angel to speak to Joseph when he was asleep. The angel said, Joseph, go back to your own country; Herod is dead. So Joseph took the ass, and Mary, and the sweet child Jesus, and they all came back to their own country.

Joseph was a carpenter. Jesus lived with Joseph and Mary, and minded all they said. He was a wise child, and loved to think of God. God his Father loved him, and every body loved him, because he was so meek and kind. The older he grew, the more they loved him.

THE HOLY FAMILY.

LESSON XVIII.

THE TEMPTATION.

MATTHEW vi. 1–11.

At last Jesus grew to be a man. He knew that he must go from place to place and teach people about God.

But first he went into a place by himself—a wilderness. He had no house to sleep in there, no friend to speak to, no food to eat.

In the night it was cold, in the day very hot.

There were no men, but there were lions, and other wild beasts. At night they roared and howled, but Jesus trusted in his Father.

He ate nothing for forty days and forty nights: God kept him alive. When Jesus was alone, then he spoke in his heart to his dear Father.

At last some one came and spoke to him.

Who was it?

Not a man, nor a bright angel, nor God; it was Satan. I do not know how he looked. He had come to tempt Jesus to do wickedly, and not to mind God his Father. Satan knew that Jesus was hungry. He said to him, Turn these stones into bread. But Jesus would not, for God had promised to feed him himself.

After that Satan took Jesus to the top of a great building, that was much higher than a church. It is dreadful to be on the top of a very high place. It makes one tremble to look down from the top.

Satan said to Jesus, Throw yourself down from this place; your Father will send his angels to keep you from being hurt, for you know that he has promised to take care of you.

Would Jesus have done right had he thrown himself down? No; Jesus knew that his Father would be displeased, if he threw himself down; and Jesus always did the things that pleased his Father.

Then Satan took him to the top of a very high hill. He showed him the most beautiful things in the world, gardens and houses, ships and carriages, and fine clothes and feasts. He said, Look at these fine things. I will give them all to you. You shall have all the world for your own; only kneel down and call me "God."

But Jesus said, I will pray to my Father, and not to you.

Jesus loved his Father better than all the things in the world.

Adam and Eve minded Satan, and disobeyed God; but Jesus did all his Father had told him: Adam was disobedient, Jesus was obedient.

Then Satan went away, and angels came from heaven and fed Jesus.

Satan goes about, trying to make children wicked. A lion could only eat your body, but Satan waits to have your soul and body in hell. Satan hates you. He is your enemy. But God is stronger than Satan. Say to God, Keep me from minding Satan. God will keep you.

Upon that mountain's height
Two mighty princes stand:
Jesus, the Prince of light,
Satan at his right hand.
Below them lies the prospect fair
Of all earth holds of rich or rare.

Tables are seen around
Spread with delicious meats;

Gardens where fruits abound,
And thousand tempting sweets:
Silver and gold and precious stones,
Chariots and palaces and thrones.

Satan did once prevail
On Eve to disobey:
And now, why should he fail
To tempt the Lord astray?
For Eve abundant good possessed,
While Christ with hunger is distressed.

In vain the tempter tries
The Savior to deceive,
For Jesus left the skies
Our misery to relieve:
His Father dear he sought to please,
Nor wished for earthly joy and ease.

He had seen brighter things,
And sweeter joys had known,
Where angels touch the strings
Around his Father's throne:
And shall he from that throne descend,
Before the evil one to bend?

No, he will hunger bear,
And suffer sharpest pain,
Till God shall hear his prayer,
And his weak life sustain.
And lo, ashamed, the tempter flies,
And angels feed him from the skies.

CHILD.

Full oft does Satan try
To draw my steps aside;
Now bids me tell a lie,
My faults from all to hide;
And tempts me soon to sin again,
That I new pleasures may obtain.

Whenever I consent
To walk in Satan's ways,
It is as though I bent
My knee before his face.

And what reward will Satan give?
In his own hell with him to live.

How shall my feeble heart
Be kept from Satan's power?
O Lord, thy strength impart
In every tempted hour.
That I may sinful joys refuse,
And thy sweet service ever choose.

LESSON XIX.

THE TWELVE DISCIPLES.

MARK i. 16–20.

WHEN Jesus was a man, he began to teach people about his Father. Jesus used to preach.

What did he preach?

Sometimes he preached to people in a place like a church; sometimes he preached in the fields; sometimes he sat on the top of a hill and preached; and sometimes he sat in a ship, and the people stood by the edge of the water to hear him. Jesus did not always live in the same place; he used to walk about from one place to another.

Did Jesus walk about alone? No; he had twelve friends with him. He called them his twelve disciples.

How many are twelve? Let us count the little children in this room. Here are twelve. Jesus had just so many disciples.

One was called Peter, and another John, and another James, and another Thomas. But I will not tell you the names of all, lest you should forget them.

Peter was a fisherman. He had a little ship,

and he used to catch fish in the day and in the night. James and John had another little ship, and they used to catch fish.

One day, Jesus passed by their little ships, and Jesus saw Peter and his brother Andrew throwing a net into the sea to catch fish; and Jesus said to them, Come with me. And Peter and Andrew left their nets and their vessel, and went with Jesus.

And Jesus went a little farther, and he saw James and John sitting in their little ship, mending the holes in their nets; and Jesus said to them, Come with me. And they left their nets, and went with Jesus.

Jesus called what people he pleased to come with him.

Shall I tell you why Jesus chose to have twelve friends always with him? What do you think was the reason?

Jesus wished to teach them about God his Father, that they might teach other people about him. They liked being with him, and listening to his words. Would you have liked to be always with Jesus?

When Jesus was alone with his disciples, he used to tell them new things about God and heaven. They loved him very much indeed; they called him Master and Lord. Jesus loved them still more than they loved him, and he called them his friends.

Jesus used to give them part of his things. But Jesus had no house to live in, and he had very little money. Sometimes they were very tired with walking far, and sometimes they were very hungry and thirsty. But kind people often asked them to come into their houses, and gave them food.

Other people laughed at Jesus, and called him names.

Were the disciples good? They were once bad like us; but Jesus put his Spirit into them, and made them good. The disciples were not holy like Jesus; they sometimes differed with each other.

How happy they who shared the bread
Of Jesus here below!
From place to place he traveled,
And they with him did go.

What though they never had a place
Where safely to abide,
They saw their loving Master's face,
And followed by his side.

They heard him preach from hills and ships,
Of things to men unknown;
But sweeter words dropped from his lips
When they were all alone.

For then he would the things explain
They could not understand,
That heavenly wisdom they might gain,
And teach it through the land.

CHILD.

'Tis true, I can not here below
With thee, my Savior, dwell;
To heaven one day I hope to go,
And there to know thee well.

LESSON XX.

THE FIRST MIRACLE.

JOHN ii. 1–11.

I TOLD you that some people used to ask Jesus to come into their houses. I shall now tell you

of a man who gave a feast, and Jesus came to the feast; Mary, Jesus' mother, came, and the disciples came. There were a great many people beside at the feast.

There was some wine for the people to drink; but there was so little, that very soon it was all gone.

Jesus knew that the wine was gone. Could not Jesus give the people more wine? Yes; for he made the world, and all things in it.

There were some large stone jars in the room. Jesus said to the servants, Fill the jars with water: and they filled them quite full.

Then Jesus said, Dip in a cup, and give it to the master to drink. The servants gave it to him; but Jesus had turned the water into wine.

When the master had tasted it, he said, What nice wine this is! where did it come from?

The servants told him how Jesus had told them to fill the jars with water. Then all the people at the feast knew that Jesus had turned the water into wine.

This was the first wonder that Jesus did; it was called a miracle.

Why did Jesus do miracles? to show people that he was the Son of God.

The disciples now felt quite sure that Jesus was the Son of God.

Once Jesus to a marriage went;
The numerous guests surround the board,
When lo, they find the wine is spent:
This Mary hears, and tells the Lord.

Before the guests' astonished eyes
Christ made his heavenly glory shine;
The thing desired he soon supplies,
And changes water into wine.

How ready does my Lord appear
Our fond desires to satisfy;
And all that we can wish for here,
He is well *able* to supply.

Both health and ease he *could* bestow,
Plenty, and every earthly joy;
And always *would*, did he not know
These would at length our souls destroy.

For should he all our wishes grant,
We should forget our heavenly home;
But when we suffer, then we pant
After those brighter joys to come.

LESSON XXI.

SEVERAL MIRACLES.

LUKE vii. 11-16.

AFTER Jesus had turned the water into wine, he did a great many wonders. He made blind people see, and sick people get well, and dumb people speak, and lame people walk.

When Jesus came to a place, all the sick people crowded round him.

Jesus did not send them away because they disturbed him, but he cured them all.

This was the way in which he cured one blind man. He said, See! And the man could see that moment.

This was the way in which he cured a man who was deaf and dumb. Jesus put his fingers into his ears, and touched his tongue, and looked up to his Father in heaven, and said, Be opened. And immediately the string of his tongue was loosed, and he could speak plain.

Once Jesus saw a poor sick man lying on a bed, and Jesus said to him, Should you like to be made well? The poor man said he wished very much to be made well. Then Jesus said, Get up, carry your bed, and walk. The man tried to get up, and he found that he could; for Jesus gave him strength.

One day Jesus was in a place like a church; he was preaching; when he saw a poor woman whose back was bent, so that she could not lift up her head. Jesus said, Woman, I have made you well. And then Jesus touched her with his hands, and her back grew straight, and she began to praise God.

Sometimes Jesus made dead people alive again. That was more wonderful than making sick people well.

Once Jesus was walking on the road. A great many people were walking after him, for people liked to see him do wonders, and to hear him talk. They met some men carrying a dead man, to put him in the ground.

A poor old woman came after, crying very much. She was the mother of the dead man. He was her only son.

Jesus was very sorry to see her cry. He came up to her, and said, Do not cry; and then he touched the coffin. There was no top to it; the dead man was lying in it.

Jesus said, Rise up young man. He sat up and began to speak. Then Jesus said to his mother, Here is your son.

All the people were surprised, and said, This must be the Son of God. He can make dead people alive again.

The dumb, the deaf, the lame, the blind,
Assembled round the Lord;
He to their prayers his ears inclined,
And healed them by his word:
They speak, they hear, they leap, they see,
And praise his name most joyfully.

CHILD.

My speech, sight, hearing, and my limbs,
I owe, dear Lord, to thee;
Thy praise I'll sing in grateful hymns
To thee I'll bend my knee.
With all I am, and all I have,
I'll serve the Lord, who freely gave.

My tongue shall kindly speak to all,
And read aloud God's book;
My ears shall heed my parents' call,
My eyes attentive look;
My feet in swift obedience move,
And haste on messages of love.

LESSON XXII.

THE SINNER AND SIMON.

LUKE vii. 36, TO END.

WHY did Jesus come into the world? To save us from hell.

But why did God say that people must go to hell? Because every body was wicked.

Jesus can forgive people their sins, and make them good. But Jesus will not forgive people who are not sorry for their sins, and do not turn from them. I will tell you of a proud man who was not sorry for his sins, and of a poor woman who was sorry.

A rich, proud man asked Jesus to come and dine with him. Why did he ask Jesus? He did not

love him; he only asked him, that he might hear what he said; but Jesus said he would come.

The proud man did not treat Jesus kindly. He gave him no water to wash his feet, put no sweet ointment upon them, gave him no kiss.

A poor woman, who had been very sinful, saw Jesus go into the rich man's house. She came up behind Jesus, and began to cry for all her sinfulness. She knew Jesus could forgive her, and she loved Jesus.

She had brought a box of ointment with her: she stooped down, and her tears fell upon Jesus' feet, and with her tears she washed them: she wiped them with her long hair, and then poured the sweet ointment upon them, and kissed them.

The rich man looked at the woman very angrily; he knew she had been very wicked, and he was angry at seeing Jesus so kind to her.

But Jesus said to the proud man, This woman has sinned; but she is sorry for her sin, and I have forgiven her, and she loves me very much. She loves me a great deal more than you do. She has been kind to me, but you have been unkind. You gave me no water for my feet; but she has washed my feet with her tears. You gave me no kiss; but she has kissed my feet ever since I came in. You gave me no ointment; but she has poured very sweet ointment upon my feet.

Then Jesus spoke kindly to the woman, and said to her, Your sins are forgiven.

So Jesus comforted this poor woman; but the proud man and his friends grew still more angry.

Jesus will forgive your sins if you are sorry, and if you ask him; but if you think yourself good, he will not forgive you; for Jesus can not bear proud people.

Tell me who is standing there
With weeping eyes and flowing hair,
And box of ointment sweet.
Now on the ground she's bending low;
Her tears yet fast and faster flow;
They fall on Jesus' feet.

To her dear Lord such love she bears,
His feet she washes with her tears,
And wipes them with her hair;
And then with pious tenderness,
Fond kisses ceases not to press,
And pours the ointment rare.

Ah, she whose love is now so strong,
Has wandered far, has wandered long,
And from her God has gone;
But now with willing feet returns,
And now with deepest sorrow mourns
The deeds that she has done.

And will the Lord in pity look,
And blot her crimes out from his book,
And words of comfort say?
Ah, yes; e'en now he pardon gives,
E'en now the weeping sinner lives,
And wipes her tears away.

CHILD.

And would the Lord thus deal with me,
If I should humbly bow my knee,
And all my sins confess?
For though I'm young, I've wandered far,
My sins, I know, most hateful are
Unto God's holiness.

But if the Lord *one* mourner heard,
And sweetly spoke the pardoning word,
Why should he not hear me?
He *once* was kind—I well know this—
And what he was, he always is,
And evermore will be.

LESSON XXIII.

THE STORM AT SEA.

Luke viii. 22–25.

Jesus often went into a little ship, or boat, with his disciples. Peter had one of his own, and John had another, and they liked to lend their little vessels to Jesus.

Once they were all in a ship when the wind blew very hard, and the water moved up and down, and came over the ship. The disciples were afraid that they should be drowned.

Jesus had fallen asleep, and was lying on a pillow. The noise of the wind and of the water had not awakened him.

His disciples ran to him, and cried, O Master, do you not care for us? Will you let us die?

Then Jesus got up, and said to the wind, Wind, be still; and he said to the water, Be still. The wind left off blowing, and the water was smooth and quiet.

Then Jesus said to his disciples, Why were you afraid? Why did you not believe that I would take care of you?

Jesus knew that they were tossed about, and he would have kept them safe, though he was asleep.

The disciples said, one to another, Jesus is the Son of God; even the wind and the water obey him.

The disciples, with Jesus their Lord,
On the sea in a vessel were tossed;
As the wind loudly blew, and waves roared,
Much they feared that they all should be lost.

Soon the water rushed into the ship;
For the Master all eagerly look:
On a pillow they find him asleep—
Had the Lord his dear children forsook?

Ah, no; while he slept, he still thought
Of their danger and bitter distress;
For his merciful eye slumbers not,
But is watching his children to bless.

To their prayers his ear he inclined;
To the wind and the waters he spake:
"Peace, be still;" and soon hushed is the wind,
And the waters their roaring forsake.

Ah, how ready is Jesus to save,
And how strong is his arm to protect;
Then his mercy we ever will crave,
And an answer will ever expect.

LESSON XXIV.

JARIUS' DAUGHTER.

LUKE viii. 41, TO THE END.

A RICH man came to Jesus, and fell down at his feet, and said, I have one little girl, and she is very sick: pray come and make her well. And Jesus went with the rich man.

When they were near the house, some servants came out and said, The little girl is just dead; no one can make her well now.

But Jesus said, Do not be afraid; I can make her well.

Jesus said to the father and mother of the little girl, Come with me into the house. Peter, James, and John, you may come in, but no one else.

So they went up into the room where the little girl was lying in bed. A great many people were

in the room, playing sad music, and singing sad songs, and crying, because the child was dead. But Jesus said, Leave off crying. The girl is only sleeping: she is not dead.

Jesus said she was asleep, because he meant to make her alive again so soon. But the people laughed at Jesus, and said, She is dead. And they would not believe that he could make her alive again.

Jesus said, Those people must be put out of the room. So he sent them out, and shut the door. But he let the father and mother, and Peter, and James, and John, stay in the room. He took the little girl's hand, and said, Arise! And first she sat up, and then she rose up out of the bed, and walked about the room. She was twelve years old. Jesus then said, Bring her something to eat.

The father and mother were very glad, and all the people were much surprised at what had happened.

Hark! 'tis a father crying,
And this is what he saith:
"My little daughter's lying
Just at the point of death."

The Saviour soon consented
To come and heal the maid;
Nor was he e'en prevented
By hearing she was dead.

He found the people weeping,
Because her breath was gone:
And when he said, "She's sleeping,"
They laughèd him to scorn.

The Lord no sinful mocker
Would suffer to remain:
Then by the hand he took her,
And bade her rise again.

Ah, see the maid arising,
According to his word;
Does not the deed surprising
Show Jesus to be Lord?

See, in their fond embraces
The parents clasp the maid:
Ashamed are now the faces
That mocked at what he said.

LESSON XXV.

THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

MATTHEW xiv. 13-22; JOHN vi. 1-14.

ONCE Jesus went into the wilderness with his disciples, and a great many people came after him: then Jesus preached to all the people, and told them about his Father, and how he himself had come down from heaven to save them from Satan. They listened to him from morning till night.

When it was getting dark, the disciples came to Jesus and said, Will you not send the people home; for it is late?

But Jesus knew that the people had had nothing to eat all day, and he did not like to send them home tired and hungry. So he said to his disciples, Can not you feed them?

No, said they; we have nothing; only a lad here has five loaves and two small fishes;* and see how many people there are here.

But Jesus said, Make them sit down on the grass, and bring the loaves and fishes to me. So the disciples made them all sit down.

There were a great many people; as many as

* See *Frontispiece.*

would fill ten churches—five thousand men, besides women and little children.

How tired the little children must have been. It was time for them to have their supper and go to bed. We shall hear how Jesus fed all these people.

They sat down on the green grass. Jesus took the loaves and fishes; first he lifted up his eyes to his Father, and thanked him for the food, and then he took a piece of bread and gave it to Peter, and said, Feed all those people sitting there; and he gave another piece to John, and he said, Feed those people; and he gave a piece of bread and fish to each of his disciples, and told each to feed some people.

One little piece of bread would not be enough for all the children in this room; but Jesus made the bread enough for all the people: a piece of bread did not get smaller because a man ate some, but was as big as before. Every one had enough, and they threw down upon the grass a great many little pieces. But Jesus said to his disciples, Take some baskets, and pick up the pieces; and they filled twelve baskets full of pieces of bread. Then Jesus told the people to go home.

What a wonder Jesus had done! Yet you know that he feeds you, my little children, and all the people in the world.

How does he feed you? He gives you bread.

Of what is bread made? Of flour.

Of what is flour made? Of corn.

Who makes corn? God makes the corn.

Of what does he make it? He makes it grow out of the ground. Jesus is God, and makes the corn grow; so you see that Jesus feeds you. If

he did not make the corn grow in the fields, we should die. But he will not forget us. He even remembers the little birds. They never plow, nor sow, nor reap, nor put corn into barns, yet God does not let them starve. The birds cry to God, and he hears them, and lets them find food. Now God loves us much better than he loves the little birds, because we have souls; so he will hear us when we pray to him.

If your mother had no bread in her cottage, and if she could get no money to buy some, yet God would hear her if she loved him. He would not let her starve. Will you not ask God for bread every day, and say, Give me this day my daily bread?

We ought to thank God for the food we eat. Before we eat breakfast, or dinner, or supper, we should say, I thank thee, O Lord, for this nice food.

Behold where, on the green hills spread,
Close by the water-side,
The hungry multitude are fed,
At peaceful eventide.

Upon the grass they sit at ease,
In rows of ten times ten—
Women with children on their knees,
Besides five thousand men.

In listening they have spent the day,
Their homes far distant lie:
They would have fainted by the way
Without this kind supply.

The Lord, whose words they came to hear,
Has pity on their need;
He loves the weary heart to cheer,
The hungry poor to feed.

He gives them of his little store,
By his disciples' hands:

Though little, he can make it more,
For all things he commands.

'Tis he provides the beasts with food,
To him the ravens cry;
He watches over us for good,
And does our need supply.

He once himself did hunger bear
For forty days alone:
And still the hungry are his care;
He hears them when they groan.

CHILD.

O, like my Lord, would I delight
In doing good to all,
And serving them with all my might
When they for pity call.

Lord, save me from a selfish heart,
That nothing good can spare;
To others may I give a part,
And all my comforts share.

LESSON XXVI.

THE KINDNESS OF JESUS.

MATTHEW XV. 21–28; MARK X. 13–16.

WHAT I have said about Jesus shows you that he was always kind. Once a poor woman came crying after Jesus, saying, O Lord, I have a little daughter who is very sick. Jesus did not answer her at first, and the disciples wished her to be sent away. She cried so loud, they said to Jesus, Do send her away.

The poor woman fell down at Jesus' feet, and said, Lord, help me! And Jesus had pity on the woman, and said, I will do what you wish.

The poor woman was glad to hear this, and she

went home, and found that her daughter was quite well.

Another time, some poor women brought little children to Jesus; but the disciples were standing round, and would not let the women come near.

Go away, they said; you must not bring children here to trouble us. But Jesus heard them speak, and was displeased with the disciples.

Jesus would not let the children go away.

He said to his disciples, Suffer them to come to me; do not send them away.

Then he took the children in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and prayed to his Father, and blessed them.

O happy little children, to be taken into Jesus' arms.

Jesus loves meek and gentle children. They are Jesus' lambs. Jesus is their Shepherd, and he will take them to heaven when they die.

Young children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat;
And I may humbly do the same
Before his mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said;
And so he says for me.

If babes so many years ago
His tender pity drew,
He surely will not let me go
Without a blessing too.

Then, while this favor to implore,
My little hands are spread,
Do thou thy sacred blessing pour,
Dear Jesus, on my head.

JANE TAYLOR.

LESSON XXVII.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

When Jesus was in this world, he loved to think of his Father in heaven. He liked to be alone, that he might pray to his Father: sometimes the tears ran down his cheeks while he prayed. One night Jesus prayed all night alone upon the top of a high hill.

Sometimes Jesus prayed to his Father while his disciples stood near and listened.

Once when Jesus had been praying with them, they said, Teach us to pray. Then Jesus taught them a prayer.

It was this: "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name: thy kingdom come: thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

I know, little children, that you say this prayer night and morning. Your mothers taught you to say it. But did you know who said it first. It was Jesus the Lord; so it is called the Lord's prayer. It is a very beautiful prayer, for Jesus gave it to us; but it is hard for children to understand it.

What is the meaning of "Hallowed be thy name?" It means, let God's name be praised.

Do you wish God to be praised?

What are "trespasses?" Trespasses are sins.

Ask God to forgive you your sins or your trespasses.

I hope that you say more little prayers, that you can quite understand.

Would you not like to have God's Holy Spirit to make you good? God will send him into your heart, if you ask him.

God has given you bread, and clothes for your body. He will give you better things than these.

What is the best thing that God can give you? It is the Holy Spirit. It can make your soul good. Say to God, O give thy Holy Spirit to a poor little sinful child.

You should pray to God sometimes when you are quite alone. Jesus prayed when he was quite alone. Many little children have prayed to God, who are now in heaven, and are good and holy. Some children, who are still in the world, pray to him; they are not holy yet, but God is making them better every day, and at last they shall go to heaven.

Our Father seated in the sky,
Thy holy name be praised still;
Be thou obeyed as King most high:
Let men, like angels, do thy will.

Do thou our daily bread supply:
Forgive our sins, as we forgive.
Yet help us still from sin to fly:
Great, glorious King, for ever live.

LESSON XXVIII.

JESUS FORETELLS HIS DEATH.

MATTHEW xvi. 21, TO END.

JESUS knew every thing that would happen, and he knew that he must soon die.

He used to tell his secrets to his disciples; so he took them in a place by themselves, and said I soon shall leave you: the wicked people will take me, and bind me with ropes, and beat me, and mock me, and nail me on a cross; but remember, that I shall soon be alive again.

The disciples could not bear to hear Jesus talk of dying, for they loved him very much. They all looked very sad, and Peter said, You shall not die. But Jesus, said, I must die to save men and to please my Father.

The Father had given Jesus to die for us, and he would not disobey his Father.

Most of the people who wished to kill Jesus lived in a great town called Jerusalem.

Jesus used to go to Jerusalem very often, and he used to preach there.

Why did some people hate Jesus? Because he told them of their wickedness.

He used to say to them, You do not love God, who is my Father, but you are proud and vain. You wish to kill me. You tell lies. You are unkind to poor people. You pretend to be good, but while you are saying your prayers you are thinking of something else. Your hearts are full of wickedness. You are the children of the devil.

Jesus wished them to turn from their wickedness. It grieved him to see that they hated his Father, and that they would not turn from their wicked ways.

The wicked people were angry with Jesus, and said, God is not your Father. But Jesus said, He is my Father, and I came down from heaven where he lives, and I shall go back to him.

At last the people took up stones to throw at

him, but Jesus did not choose to die yet, so he easily got away from them, and they could not find him.

Jesus then went away from Jerusalem, to live with his disciples in a place a great way off, till it was time for him to come to Jerusalem again.

Once Jesus with his friends withdrew,
A secret to impart;
And can the mournful words be true?
They grieve each loving heart.

And shall our dearest Lord be slain?
The tender Peter cries;
And shall *He* suffer shame and pain,
Who rules o'er earth and skies?

Thus Peter would the Lord persuade
To live on earth at ease;
But Jesus has a promise made,
And seeks his God to please.

He came to bring lost man relief,
And suffer in his place;
And bitter pain, and shame, and grief,
Must mar his lovely face.

For should he now from suffering shrink,
Should he refuse to die,
Into the pit our souls must sink,
In torments ever lie.

Fond Peter's words he will not hear,
Who is the sinner's Friend;
Our sins upon the cross he'll bear,
And love us to the end.

And even Peter must consent
To give up all below;
Like Christ to suffer be content,
And after him to go.

CHILD.

And shall I foolishly expect
Never to suffer pain?
O, let me ever recollect
The blessed Lord was slain.

If he who all his pains foreknew,
So willing was to die,
I feel I should be patient too,
If I in pain should lie.

Full soon my griefs shall all be past,
Since Christ has died for me,
And brightest joys that ever last,
My happy soul shall see.

LESSON XXIX.

LAZARUS.

JOHN xi. 1–47.

JESUS stayed with his disciples in a place by himself. The wicked people, who wanted to kill him, could not find him; but Jesus' friends knew where he was.

Jesus had more friends besides his disciples.

One of his friends was called Lazarus. Lazarus had two sisters; their names were Martha and Mary. These three all lived together. They all three loved Jesus, and Jesus loved them. Jesus used often to come and see them, and sit in the house, and talk to them. Martha liked to make a fine dinner when Jesus came, but Mary liked to sit and listen to his sweet words.

At last Lazarus fell sick.

Martha and Mary loved their brother Lazarus very much indeed. They knew that Jesus could make Lazarus well; so they sent a man to tell Jesus that Lazarus was sick.

The man went a great way to look for Jesus. Lazarus grew worse and worse. At last he died. His friends wrapped white cloths round his face,

and his arms, and his legs, and put him in a tomb, and rolled a stone before it.

Martha and Mary waited and longed for Jesus to come.

Four days passed, and at last Jesus came. Martha and Mary did not think that Jesus would make Lazarus live again, for he had been dead so long; so they sat upon the ground and cried.

When Martha heard that Jesus was on the road a little way off, she came to Jesus and said, If you had been here, my brother had not died; and even now you could make him alive.

Then Jesus said, Your brother shall rise again.

Yes, said Martha, I know he will rise again at the last day, when all the dead people rise.

Martha was afraid that Jesus would not choose to make Lazarus alive soon; but she knew that he was able to do it.

Martha went back to the house, and found Mary still sitting on the ground, and a great many friends round her.

Martha whispered in her ear, and told her that Jesus wanted to speak to her. So Martha and Mary went together, and found Jesus waiting for them on the road.

Mary's friends went with her, and they cried: and Mary cried very much indeed; and when she saw Jesus she fell down at his feet, and said, Lord, if you had been here, my brother had not died.

Jesus was very sorry to see her so unhappy, and to see so many people crying; he felt sad indeed, and he sighed deeply. Jesus does not like to see any one in trouble, he is so kind.

Then Jesus said, Where have you put Lazarus?

Martha and Mary and their friends said, Come and see; and they showed him the way.

As Jesus walked along, he wept.

At last they came to the grave. It was a cave, and a very large stone was before the cave.

Then Jesus said, Take away the stone.

Martha thought that Jesus was going to look at Lazarus lying dead; and she said, Do not go in; his flesh is decayed by this time. He has been dead four days. But Jesus told her to believe that he could make him alive.

Then they rolled away the stone.

Then Jesus lifted up his eyes to his Father in heaven, and thanked him for the wonderful things Jesus was about to do.

A great many people were standing by, looking at Jesus, and wondering what he would do.

Poor Martha and Mary were longing to see Lazarus alive again.

Then Jesus spoke loud and said, Lazarus, come forth!

Lazarus heard, though he was dead. The dead hear the voice of Jesus. He got up and walked to the door of the cave. His hands were tied with cloths, and his feet wrapped round with cloths, and a cloth was over his face.

But Jesus said, Undo the cloths.

How pleased Martha and Mary must have been to see his face again! How they must have thanked the Lord Jesus for his kindness!

The people who saw all this were surprised, and said, Jesus must be the Son of God.

Why flow the blessed Savior's tears?
Is it because the cross he fears—
Because he knows he soon shall die,
And shall within the cold grave lie?

He weeps to see the sister weep
Of Lazarus, who lies asleep;
So tender is his heart, and kind,
That all from him may pity find.

CHILD.

When I see others full of fears,
I will remember Jesus' tears;
And not upon my pleasure think,
While their sad hearts with sorrow sink.

LESSON XXX.

JESUS ENTERS JERUSALEM.

MATTHEW xxi. 1–11; 14–17.

WHICH was the greatest miracle that Jesus did?

It was making Lazarus alive again: because he had been dead four days.

Many of the wicked people who hated Jesus heard of it; but they only hated him the more. They said, We must kill him soon, or every one will believe that he is the Son of God.

Jesus knew that they wanted to kill him, and so he went again and hid himself in a place they did not know of. They looked for him, but they could not find him.

But could Jesus always stay in that quiet place, where he was hid with his disciples? No. He came down to die for us. He only waited till the time came for him to die. Then he said to his disciples, We must go up to Jerusalem, and I shall be mocked, and beaten, and killed; but I shall come out of my grave after three days.

The disciples did not like to hear this; but they chose to go with Jesus wherever he went.

HOSANNAS OF THE CHILDREN.

Jesus walked fast along the road; at last he came near Jerusalem. Then he stopped and said to his disciples, I shall ride into Jerusalem upon an ass. Jesus had no ass of his own; he used to walk from place to place. But Jesus could put it into a man's heart to lend him one.

He said to two of his disciples, Go along the road a little way, and you will see an ass, and a young ass tied, and a man standing near; bring the ass and the young one to me, for I know that the man will let them come.

So the two disciples went. When they had gone a little way, they saw an ass tied up and a young one. They began to untie the ass; but a man standing near said, Why do you untie the ass?

They said, The Lord hath need of them; and then the man let them go.

I suppose that man loved the Lord Jesus, and liked to lend him his things.

The two disciples brought the two asses to Jesus. They took of some of their clothes, and put them on the young ass, and Jesus sat upon him.

A great many people came out of Jerusalem to see Jesus, for they had heard of his making Lazarus alive again. The people began to sing in praise of Jesus, and to call him King. They took off some of their clothes, and laid them down upon the road for the ass to tread upon; and they broke branches off the trees that grew near, and laid them too on the road.

So Jesus came to the great town of Jerusalem: all the people came into the streets to look at him, and even the little children began to praise him, and to call him King. The proud men that hated Jesus were very angry at hearing all these praises.

They did not like to hear Jesus praised. They came to him, and said, Why do you let these children call you King?

But Jesus liked to hear the children sing his praise, and he would not tell them to be silent.

Jesus loved little children, and these little children loved Jesus.

Jesus, on a young ass seated,
Comes into Jerusalem;
See, by thousands he is greeted,
Boughs are plucked and strewed for him.

Hark! Jerusalem is ringing
With loud shouts from many tongues;
Hark! the children too are singing—
Jesus loves those infant songs.

"While they sing, my heart rejoices,"
The dear Savior sweetly said;
"For when babes lift up their voices,
Then my praise is perfected."

CHILD.

Is my dearest Lord delighted,
With the songs of babes like me?
Then to sing I am invited,
And I will not silent be.

LESSON XXXI.

THE TEMPLE.

LUKE xix. 47, 48; xx. 19, 20; xxi. 37, 38.

THERE was a large building in Jerusalem, like a great church, called "the Temple." It was white, and very beautiful. The doors were open all day, and people used to go in to pray to God. It was God's house; Jesus used often to be there with his disciples. Poor, blind, and lame people

came to him there, and he cured them all, and he talked to them about his Father.

The little children sang his praises in the temple. All day long Jesus taught the people about God, and they listened to what he said, and liked to hear him.

The wicked and proud men came to the temple to laugh at Jesus, and to speak rudely to him; but he bore all as meekly as a lamb.

At night he left the temple, and went out of the town to a high hill, where he prayed to God alone in the dark.

The wicked men longed to catch Jesus, to kill him. They said to each other, How can we get him? The people will not let us take hold of him if they see us, or we would go to the temple to catch him. If we could find him alone in the dark, then we would put ropes on him, and take him to the judge. Thus these wicked men often said to each other.

Within the Temple fair and grand,
Where holy men are wont to pray,
Behold the gentle Savior stand,
Teaching sweet wisdom all the day.

And many round him fondly press,
The blind, the lame, the weeping poor,
Who suffer sickness or distress,
Or grace or pardon would implore.

But see, another troop is near,
And much his words their pride displease;
Like hungry lions they appear,
Who long a gentle lamb to seize.

The Savior all their malice knows,
And how his precious life they seek;
But still his lips he will not close,
Because his Father bade him speak.

Nor does his heavenly patience fail,
Nor does he cease his love to show;
But while they mock, and jeer, and rail,
He strives to save their souls from woe.

CHILD.

And if, when trying to be kind,
I too should with unkindness meet,
O let me show a patient mind,
And ever let my words be sweet.

LESSON XXXII.

JUDAS.

JOHN xii. 6; MATTHEW xxvi. 3, 4, 14–16.

JESUS had twelve disciples. Did they all love him?

Peter loved Jesus, and John loved him, and all the rest loved him, but one; his name was Judas. He did not love Jesus, but only pretended to love him. He was like the devil.

Did Jesus know how wicked Judas was?

Yes, he saw into his heart; but the disciples thought Judas was good; for Judas used to kiss the Lord Jesus, and speak kindly to him, and talk about God like the rest.

But Judas loved something; he loved money. He wanted to get a great deal of money.

He was covetous, and he was a thief. The disciples had a bag, and when they had money, they put it in the bag; and all the disciples put their money in the same bag. But there was very little money in the bag, for they were very poor. Judas used to take care of the bag, and he used to steal some of the money out of it, and keep it

for himself; but no one found him out, or thought he was a thief, except Jesus, and he knew it well.

Judas was always thinking, How shall I get more money?

One day when the proud men were sitting together, Judas came in. Judas said, You want to find Jesus when he is alone; will you give me some money? and I will show you where he goes at night.

The proud people said, Yes, we will.

Judas said, How much money will you give me?

They said, Thirty pieces of silver.

Then Judas said, Some night I will bring you to Jesus when he is alone.

The wicked people were very glad to hear this.

Now, thought they, we shall soon catch him and kill him.

Judas went back to Jesus, and told none of his disciples what he had done. But Jesus knew what he had been doing; for Jesus could see all his thoughts, and knew all that Judas did both in the day and in the night. Yet Jesus did not tell Judas that he knew his wicked plans.

When Jesus on the earth abode,
Some friends he had, though few;
Their love, alas, too faintly flowed,
Yet 'twas sincere and true.

But one there was whose heart was cold
Who did not love his Lord,
But sought of silver and of gold
To make a plenteous hoard.

His wicked thoughts he hid from all,
And piously would speak:
The Savior "Lord and Master" call,
And even kiss his cheek.

In vain he thus his love declared,
And fond attention paid;
In vain in toil and danger shared,
In vain he preached and prayed.

Though none besides the sin perceived,
So closely veiled by art,
Yet *He* could never be deceived,
Who searches every heart.

Full well the blessed Savior knew,
He was by sin enchained,
And from the bag in secret drew
The money it contained.

He saw him in the depth of night,
To gain a base reward,
Promise the Jews to please their spite,
And to betray his Lord.

Thus Judas gold and silver chose,
Instead of joys above,
And plunged his soul in endless woes,
And lost his Master's love.

CHILD.

And such will be my wretched end,
Whatever I appear,
If God I care not to offend,
And man alone I fear.

If I, like Judas, talk and pray,
And yet in secret steal,
I shall be punished in that day,
When God shall all reveal.

LESSON XXXIII.

THE LAST SUPPER—PART I.

LUKE xxii. 7-14; JOHN xiii. 1-17.

JESUS said to his disciples, I am going soon to be killed; but before I die, I shall eat a supper with you in Jerusalem.

Then Jesus said to Peter and John, Go and get the supper ready; but they said, Where shall we get it ready? For Jesus had no house in Jerusalem; but Jesus knew how to find a room.

So Jesus said to Peter and John, Go into Jerusalem, and you will meet a man carrying a pitcher; go after him; he will go into a house. The master of the house will lend me a room. Tell him that I am going to die, and that I want to eat a supper with my disciples.

Then Peter and John went into Jerusalem.

Whom did they meet? A man carrying a pitcher.

They followed him. He went into a house. Peter and John went in after him, and they said to the master of the house, Jesus wants a room to eat supper in with his disciples, before he dies.

Then the master took them up stairs, and showed them a large room, with a table in it, and seats all around the table, and a pitcher, and a basin to wash their feet in, and a cup and dishes.

Then Peter and John got some bread and wine, and other things, and made the supper ready; and they went back and told Jesus, who was a little way in the country, that supper was ready. So Jesus and all his disciples came to the house in the evening; they went up stairs, and they all sat down.

Jesus loved John very much, and John sat next to Jesus.

After they had been a little while at supper, Jesus got up and took a towel, and tied it round his waist, and took a pitcher and poured water into a basin, and he began to wash his disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel round his waist.

But when he came to Peter, Peter said, You shall never wash my feet.

Peter thought it was too kind in Jesus to wash his feet, as if he were a servant; but Jesus was not proud, but loved to be kind to his disciples.

Then Jesus said to Peter, If I wash you not, you can not be mine; but I have made you clean already. Jesus had made Peter's heart clean.

Then Peter was glad that Jesus should wash his feet.

All the disciples had clean hearts, except Judas, and his heart was full of wickedness. Satan was in it. Yet Jesus washed Judas' feet. He was kind even to the wicked Judas, who hated him.

When Jesus had washed the disciples' feet he sat down again, and began to talk to them.

He said, Do you know what I have done to you? I have washed your feet though I am your Lord and Master. I wish to teach you to be as kind to each other, as I have been to you.

When the sad hour was almost come
That Jesus must depart,
He gathered in an upper room
Those nearest to his heart.

Ah, great was their astonishment,
When rising from his seat,
Upon the floor he lowly bent
To wash his servants' feet.

Beside the board again he sate,
And thus expressed his mind:
"If I, your Lord, upon you wait,
O should not you be kind.

O let the love that I have shown,
By you remembered be;
And by *your* love, let it be known
That you belong to me.

CHILD.

O Lord it is my fond desire
That thou my name wilt own;
And much the kindness I admire,
That in thy actions shone.

But O, how hard to imitate!
To thee for help I call:
On others may I love to wait,
And be the least of all.

LESSON XXXIV.

THE LAST SUPPER.—PART II.

JOHN xiii. 21–30.

You know the wicked thing that Judas meant to do. Jesus knew that he would bring the wicked people to take him and kill him. Jesus had been very kind to Judas, and Jesus was sorry that he was so wicked.

As Jesus was sitting at supper, and all the twelve disciples sitting round, he said, One of you will give me to the wicked men to be killed; one of you, my disciples.

All the disciples were very sorry; and Peter said, "Is it I?" and John said, "Is it I?" and each of them said, "Is it I?" but Jesus did not tell them which.

Now John was leaning his head on Jesus' bosom, and Peter whispered to John, and said, Do ask the Lord which it is that will show the wicked people where he is?

So John whispered, and said, Which is it?

And Jesus said, The one that dips the bread in the sop with me.

For there was a dish of sauce on the table, and

Jesus dipped his bread in it, and as he dipped it, one of his disciples put his hand in the dish too. Which was it?

Judas: he dipped his bread in the dish with Jesus. So John knew which it was that was so wicked.

Then Jesus said to Judas, Go and do what you mean to do.

And Judas got up and went out of the room.

Where did he go?

He went to the wicked people, to bring them to Jesus in the dark. But the disciples thought he was going to buy something, or to give money to the poor.

One night the Savior said,
"My hours to live are few;
I soon shall be betrayed,
My friends, by one of you."
"Lord, is it I?"
They all do cry.

Beloved above the rest,
John leaned his gentle head
Upon the Savior's breast,
And softly whispering, said,
"Lord, tell me who
This thing shall do."

"One of this little band,"
The Savior answering, said,
"Will hither reach his hand,
And dip with me his bread.
Who dips with me
The same is he."

CHILD.

Dear Lord, how could it be,
That one who lived all day
And ate his bread with thee,
Should thy dear life betray!
Ah, how could he
Thus deal with thee!

Not so would I reward
Thy tender love to me;
I would, my dearest Lord,
Thy faithful servant be.
For thou art he
Who died for me.

LESSON XXXV.

THE LAST SUPPER.—PART III.

MATTHEW xxvi. 26–36; JOHN xiv. 1–4; xviii. 1–3.

AFTER supper Jesus took some bread and broke it in pieces, and gave a piece to each of the disciples; and he said, This is my body; I am going to die; eat this, and think of me.

Then Jesus poured some wine into a cup, and told them all to drink out of it. He said, This is my blood; I shall soon bleed and die; drink this, and think of me.

Jesus said, I shall not eat supper with you again before I die. I am going to my Father; I must leave you, but I shall come back again.

Then they all sang a hymn.

Afterward Jesus got up from the table and went down stairs into the street, and the disciples followed him. It was dark; but Jesus talked to them as they went along. He said, I am going to die, and to-night you will all leave me.

But Peter said, I will not leave you; I will go to prison with you, I will die with you; but I will never leave you.

Jesus said to him, Yes, you will, Peter; you will say that you do not know me; you will say that you are not my friend. This night, Peter,

you will say so before the cock crows. For cocks crow in the morning, when it is light.

Jesus talked sweetly to his disciples. He said, Do not be sorry because I am going away. I shall go back to my Father; but when I am in heaven I shall not forget you. I shall get ready a place in heaven for you; only love one another, and I will send my Spirit into your hearts.

At last Jesus came to a garden. He had often been to that garden with his disciples, and wicked Judas knew the place.

Where was Judas now?

He was with the wicked, proud men.

You will soon hear how he came to the garden, and how he brought the *servants* of the wicked men with him. For these wicked men were rich and proud. They would not go and take Jesus themselves, but they would send their servants.

"This is my flesh," the sorrowing Savior said,
And as he spake, he gave the broken bread;
"This is my blood;" and then he bade all drink,
And of their dying Master ever think.

"Soon shall I die, my body torn and bruised,
My name by wicked, cruel men abused;
And even you, my dearest friends, shall fly,
And leave your Master all alone to die."

His friends in sorrow heard; then promised
With him they fondly loved their blood to shed,
And Peter loudest said, "With thee I'll die;"
And little thought he should his Lord deny.

CHILD.

Sometimes I think I never shall offend,
By doing wrong, my best, my heavenly Friend;
How soon my heart forgets! To God I'll pray
For grace to keep me in his holy way.

LESSON XXXVI.

THE GARDEN.

MATTHEW xxvi. 30–57; JOHN xviii. 1–12.

WHEN Jesus was come to the garden, he told all his disciples to stop in one place till he came back, except three that he took with him.

Who were they?

Peter, James, and John. He took them further on in the garden, and then said to them, I feel very sad indeed. I am going to pray. Do you stay here. Do not go to sleep, but pray while I am praying.

Then Jesus went a little way off by himself, and fell upon the ground and began to pray. He said, O Father, save me from death; but do what thou wilt, not what I will.

He prayed very earnestly, and so great was his sorrow that the blood came out of his skin, and fell on the ground. Then he got up, and went back to Peter and James and John, but he found them asleep. He woke them, and told them to pray.

Then he went back and prayed again to his Father, saying, Father, save me from death; yet, not my will, but thine, be done. Then he came back to his disciples, but they had fallen asleep again.

Then Jesus prayed again, and his Father sent an angel from heaven to comfort him. I do not know what the angel said, but I know the angel loved him, and could speak sweet words to him, and tell him how his Father loved him. The angel did not stay long: he soon went back to God

Then Jesus came again to his disciples, and found them still asleep. But Jesus woke them, and told them to get up, For Judas, he said, is near.

While Jesus was saying this, a great many people were seen walking in the garden. These were the servants of the proud men in Jerusalem. They had swords, and sticks, and lanterns in their hand. And Judas went before them to show them where Jesus was. But Judas came up slyly to Jesus, and gave him a kiss, pretending to love him.

Jesus knew what Judas was doing, and he said, Friend, why do you come here? and why do you kiss me?

Jesus did not run away, but he went up to the wicked men, and said, Whom are you looking for?

They said, For Jesus.

He said, I am he.

When he said that, God made all the wicked people fall upon their backs upon the ground. Then Jesus could have run away, but he chose to stay that he might die for sinners.

The wicked people soon got up; God let them get up; but Jesus said to them, You may take me, but let my disciples go away.

It was kind in Jesus to think of them, and they were frightened, and glad to get away; they feared to stay to die with Jesus.

But Peter took a sword and cut off one of the wicked men's ears. Peter wished to fight; but Jesus said, Put up your sword; do not fight for me. I could have thousands of angels to fight for me, if I wished it; but I choose to die, because it is my Father's will that I should die. Then Jesus touched the man's ear, and made it well.

Then Peter and all the rest of the disciples went away, and left Jesus quite alone with the wicked men. They took ropes and tied his hands, and they led him away into Jerusalem, and he went along meekly as a lamb.

"Not my will, but thine, be done."—LUKE xxii. 42.

How dreadful was the hour
When Christ the Son of God
Was bruised by Satan's power,
And sweat great drops of blood!
His soul was struggling hard with fear,
When he poured out his griefs in prayer.

How earnestly he prayed
The cup might pass away!
But though so sore afraid,
He still these words did say:
"Father, *thy* will, not mine, be done."
Such was thy prayer, O blessed Son.

And should it not be mine?
Full well, my God, I know
That holy will of thine
Would save my soul from woe:
But should I have my foolish will,
My soul in hell would perish still.

Then why do I complain,
I can't have all I would,
Since God will give me pain
Only to do me good?
And in the end he'll send relief,
And give me joy instead of grief.

"What! could ye not watch with me one hour?"—MATT. xxvi. 40.

The friends who meant a watch to keep,
With grief opprest have fallen asleep,
While their dear Master prayed.
Since *they* no comfort can impart,
An angel comes to cheer his heart,
Which is of death afraid.

Could they not watch one little hour,
With him they soon should see no more
Upon this earth beneath.
Not watch with *him* in *his* distress,
Who was all love and tenderness,
And still did pity breathe?

But hear the Savior gently speak:
He says, though willing, they are weak,
And bids them rise and pray.
Oh, now the hour of prayer is past;
The enemy is come at last
To take the Lord away.

O how I love the patience rare,
With which I see my Savior bear
His friends' unkind neglect!
Since he to them such love has shown,
He might, when suffering thus alone,
Their tenderest care expect.

And when my angry passions rise,
I'll set the Lord before my eyes,
His gentle voice I'll hear;
And the same patience try to show,
If left alone with pain or woe
By my companions dear.

LESSON XXXVII.

PETER'S DENIAL.

MATTHEW XXVI. 57, TO END.

THE wicked, proud men who hated Jesus sat up all night. They had sent their servants to fetch Jesus. They were in a fine house, seated on seats round the room talking together, and longing for Jesus to be brought.

They said to one another, We will have him killed when he comes; we will take him to the judge.

At last Jesus came in with the wicked servants. The proud men were glad to see him. They made him stand up in the midst of the large room. Then they spoke roughly. Are you the Son of God? they said.

Yes, said Jesus, I am, and one day you will see me coming in the clouds with the angels; then you will know that I am the Son of God.

Then the wicked men were angry.

Do you hear what he says? they cried out; he calls himself the Son of God; he must be taken to the judge to be killed.

Jesus stood meekly all this while, and hardly spoke a word.

What had become of the disciples?

They had gone away.

Had Peter gone away?

Peter said he would die with Jesus. But he went away too.

At last Peter thought, I will go and look for Jesus; I should like to see what the wicked men are doing to him.

So Peter came to Jerusalem, and into the fine house. He came into the hall first: the wicked servants were sitting round a fire in the hall; a door was open, and through the door Peter could see Jesus. There he was, standing before the wicked men. Peter hoped that nobody would know that he was one of Jesus' disciples, lest he should be killed. But as Peter was sitting by the fire, warming himself, a maid said to him, You are one of Jesus' disciples.

Then Peter was frightened, and said, No, I am not. I do not know the man you speak of.

Then Peter got up, and went outside the door;

but another maid said to him, I am sure you are one of the disciples of Jesus.

No, said Peter, I am not. So Peter went back again to the fire, and began talking with the servants.

But some of them remembered having seen Peter in the garden, and they came to Peter, and said, We are certain that you are one of the disciples. I saw you in the garden, said one.

Then Peter began to swear, and to say that he was not.

While Peter was speaking so wickedly, he heard a cock crow.

Then Peter remembered what Jesus had said, and he looked at Jesus, and Jesus turned round his face and looked at Peter. It was such a look! Jesus did not speak, but his look seemed to say, Is this Peter, my friend, who said he would die with me? Is this his love for me? Does he say he does not know me?

Peter felt very sorry; he felt as if his heart would break; and he went out of the house, and began to cry very much indeed. For Peter did really love Jesus, only Satan had tempted him to be so wicked as to say he did not know him.

If Peter had prayed in the garden instead of going to sleep, he would have done better. But Christ had often prayed for Peter, that Satan might not get his soul at last.

When Peter sat within the hall,
To see what should his Lord befall,
He said he never knew the man,
And e'en to curse and swear began.

His sorrowing Master turned his head,
And by his looks he sweetly said,
"Does Peter say he knows me not?
Has Peter then my love forgot?"

Soon Peter wept most bitterly,
That he had dared his Lord deny:
His Lord is mine! I love him too,
O may I prove to him more true.

But if I sin, O grant that I
May weep and mourn most bitterly;
And may it pierce me like a sword,
To think I've grieved my dearest Lord.

LESSON XXXVIII.

PONTIUS PILATE.

JOHN xviii. 22, TO END; MATTHEW xxvi. 67, 68; JOHN xix. 1–16.

ALL night long Jesus stood in the great room; he heard all Peter said, and that must have grieved him. The wicked people were like lions and tigers, and Jesus like a lamb. They looked at him as if they hated him.

Once, when he spoke, a servant struck him on the face, but he bore this meekly.

The judge was not up yet, for it was night; so the wicked people were forced to wait till the morning.

The servants came round Jesus, and blindfolded him, and beat him, and pushed him, and spit upon him, and mocked him.

When the morning came, the wicked people said, Now we will bring him to the judge.

So they went out of their fine house, and took Jesus with them.

The judge sat upon a high seat in the hall. His name was Pontius Pilate. The judge did not know Jesus. The judge said, What has he done?

The wicked people said, He calls himself a King.

Then Pilate said to Jesus, Are you a King? And Jesus said, Yes, I am. But Pilate thought that he looked very good, and he did not like to punish him.

Then the wicked men made a great noise, and said, You must crucify him.

No, said Pilate, I will beat him, and that will be enough. So Pilate gave Jesus to some soldiers, who took him into a house, and beat him with knotted ropes—this way of beating is called scourging—and the blood ran down his back. Then the cruel soldiers laughed at him, because he had said he was a King. They took off his own clothes, and put some fine clothes on him, such as kings wear, purple and red.

Then they said, We must put a crown on his head. So they took prickly thorns, sharp like pins, and twisted them together, and made a crown, and put it on his head.

They said, He must have a scepter—for kings hold something called a scepter in their hands—so they put a reed in his hand for a scepter. Then they took it from him, and beat him on the head; and they knelt down to him, laughing, and said, O King! O King!

Pilate then brought Jesus into the street, where the wicked people were, and a very great crowd, and he showed Jesus to them, and said, Look at your King.

Pilate hoped they would be sorry to see him so ill-used: blood upon his forehead from the thorns, and his back scourged, and dressed in fine clothes, to mock him; but the wicked people were cruel like tigers.

No, said they; Crucify him! crucify him! All

the people cried out, Crucify him! though Jesus had always been so kind to them.

Will you crucify your king? said Pilate.

He shall not be our king, the people said. There was a very great noise in the street, from the people all speaking at once.

Then Pilate thought he would please the wicked people, and he said, Take him, and crucify him. Then the people were glad. But first the soldiers took off the fine clothes, and put his own clothes on him again.

How wicked it was in Pilate to let him be crucified! Pilate thought Jesus was good, yet he let him be killed to please the people.

What! are there none to take *His* part,
Who silent, trembling, bleeding stands?
Not one to cheer his broken heart,
Or snatch him from those cruel hands?

A thousand voices lifted high
Now fill with horrid shouts the air,
"Away with him, and crucify,"
Nor does *one* friend for him appear.

What has he done to stir such hate?
Has he then shed some just man's blood,
For strangers laid in secret wait,
Or boldly dared blaspheme his God?

Not one of *these*, but *this* has done:
Has left his glorious throne above,
Has put a servant's body on,
And spent his days in deeds of love:

Has filled the hungry soul with bread;
Has healed the sick, and blind, and lame;
To mourners words of comfort said,
And ever praised his Father's name.

Behold, how men his love reward!
His tender flesh the scourge has torn,
His gentle hands are bound with cord,
His head is crowned with prickly thorn.

He was too good, too holy, far,
To live with sinners here below:
His faithful tongue bade men beware,
Lest they should plunge in endless woe.

'Tis true, he is to some hearts dear,
And they for him in secret mourn,
But dare not on his side appear,
Lest they should share his pain and scorn.

But why did God the Father let
His only Son be treated thus?
He sent his Son to pay our debt,
And suffer all this pain for us.

'Twas *I* deserved, thou dearest Lord,
My flesh should be with scourging torn,
My little hands be bound with cord,
My head be crowned with prickly thorn.

And now, what can I do for him
Who suffered all this pain for me?
Whene'er I feel, or hear of sin,
I'll think, O dearest Lord, of thee.

Nor shall my hands in anger strike,
When thy dear hands for me were bound;
Nor shall my head with passion shake,
When thine with prickly thorns was crowned.

And when I hear one laughing tell
Of sinful things that men have done,
I will not smile, but sorrow feel,
Because sin bruised God's only Son.

LESSON XXXIX.

DEATH OF JUDAS.

MATTHEW xxvii. 3–5

WHERE was Judas all this while?
The wicked people had given him the money,

thirty pieces of silver, but Judas could not be happy.

Ah, thought he, I have killed my good Master; what a wicked man I am!

Judas felt that he could not like the money. He could not bear to keep it, because he had done such a wicked thing to get it. So he brought it back to the wicked men; he threw it down on the floor, and then he went into a field, and tied a rope round his throat, and hanged himself on a tree till he died. It was very wicked in Judas to hang himself, instead of praying to God to forgive him.

Where did Judas' soul go when he died?

It went to hell, and to Satan. Judas is in the wicked place now; and Jesus will judge him at the last day, and say, Depart, thou cursed.

The horrid deed is done,
And Jesus is betrayed;
The price of God's own Son
To Judas has been paid;
But peace of mind he never more shall know,
This deed shall plunge his soul in endless woe.

Alas, what shall he do?
Where shall he hide his head?
The dreadful news is true
That Christ to death is led.
Within the grave shall hapless Judas hide
His wretched head—his soul in hell abide.

Such is the fearful end
Of one whom Jesus taught;
Who was his chosen friend,
Who works of mercy wrought.
One secret sin, within his bosom nursed,
Brought him to share the portion of the cursed.

O God, I fly to thee,
To search my sinful heart,
Lest I should cursed be,
And from thy face depart;
Lest I should ever know the bitter pains
That devils feel midst "darkness, fire, and chains."

LESSON XL.

THE CROSS—PART I.

LUKE xxviii. 26–34.

THE wicked people were very glad when Pilate said Jesus was to be crucified. They made a cross of two great pieces of wood, like beams, and made Jesus carry it. They took him out of Jerusalem into the country. The wicked people went with him.

Jesus was so weak that he could hardly walk, and the cross was so heavy that he could not carry it. He would have dropped down on the way, if a man had not helped him to carry the cross.

There were a few people who were sorry for the Lord Jesus.

Some women, who loved him very much, came crying after him. Jesus heard them crying, and he turned round and spoke very kindly to them.

He said, Do not cry for me: cry when you think how these wicked people will be punished for all they are doing.

At last Jesus came to an open place out of the city. Then the soldiers made Jesus lie upon his cross, and they put nails in his hands, and nails in his feet. So they nailed him to the cross. Then the soldiers made a hole in the ground, and set up the cross in it.

They had taken off Jesus' clothes; and when he was on the cross, the soldiers parted the clothes, and each took a part; but his coat was so beautiful, they said, We will not tear it, because there is no seam in it; then one of the soldiers took it for his own. So the wicked people took every thing away from Jesus.

Was Jesus very angry with them?

No; he was meek as a lamb. He prayed to his Father while he was upon the cross; he could not lift up his hands, but he could speak to God. He prayed for these wicked people, and said, "Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do."

"Father, forgive," the sufferer cries,
"Because they know not what they do."
To heaven he lifts his dying eyes:
Was such a prayer e'er heard below?

Tell me for whom the Savior prays:
For those who bear him deadly hate,
Who spit upon his lovely face,
And pierced his blessed hands and feet.

And does the Savior pray for these?
Ah, then I see that *I* should pray
For all who hurt me, vex, or tease,
By spiteful things they do or say.

Alas, I feel my heart's inclined
To do to them as they to me,
And by my words and deeds unkind,
To let all such my anger see.

Yet *I* have sinned against my God,
And disobeyed ten thousand times:
Am I prepared to feel his rod
Avenging my ten thousand crimes?

And thus he says he'll deal with me,
If I'm unwilling to forgive;
For only those *like* Christ shall see
The glorious place where angels live.

LESSON XLI.

THE CROSS—PART II.

LUKE xxiii. 35–43.

PONTIUS PILATE wrote these words on the top of Jesus' cross: This is the King of the Jews.

Who were the Jews?

The people who lived in Judea were called Jews.

All the wicked people laughed when they read these words; they shook their heads, and pouted their lips at Jesus, and said, If you are the Son of God, come down from the cross.

Could Jesus have come down?

He could do every thing; but he chose to stay to die for sinners.

The wicked people said, If God loved him, he would not leave him to die on the cross. But his Father let him die to save us.

There was a cross on each side of Jesus, and a thief nailed upon each cross. One of these thieves railed at Jesus: he said, Why do you not save us, if you are the Son of God?

The other thief was sorry for his sins, and he loved Jesus.

The thief who was sorry said to the other thief, We have been very wicked; we deserve to be crucified; but Jesus is perfectly holy.

Then he spoke to Jesus, and said, Remember me, and save me. He wanted Jesus to save him from hell. And Jesus said, You shall come to paradise with me to-day. So Christ heard the poor thief's prayer; for Jesus died that he might save all who believe in him as the Son of God and the Savior of sinners.

If you go to heaven you will see that poor thief.

Near to the cross where Jesus died,
A thief was placed on either side,
Each nailed upon a tree:
The one reviled Christ's name in death;
The other cried with dying breath,
"O Lord, remember me."

The Savior heard the poor thief's prayer,
And promised he would take him where
Our God and angels dwell.
Alas, his life was spent in sin:
What joy a heaven at last to win,
And to escape from hell!

And O, for him what glad surprise
When heavenly glories met his eyes,
And Christ arrayed in light!
He just had seen the dying pains,
That had released his soul from chains
And everlasting night.

Ah, sure, of all the hosts that sing
The praises of their heavenly King,
His voice was loudest heard;
For when just trembling on the brink,
And just about in hell to sink,
The Lord for him appeared.

CHILD.

I would not wish *my* life to spend,
Like him, a stranger to the Friend
Who gave his life for me;
But yet, like him—afraid to fall
In deepest woe—to God I call,
O Lord, remember me.

LESSON XLII.

THE CROSS—PART III.

JOHN xix. 32–37; MATTHEW xxvii. 45–54.

MARY, Jesus' mother, stood near the cross. She came to see her son die. She was very sorry; she felt her heart full of pain at the sight.

She loved her dear good son, who had been kind to her ever since he was a babe, and had never done one thing wrong, and she knew he was the Son of God. Jesus was sorry to see his mother's grief.

John had come to the cross, and he stood near by Mary. Jesus looked at John, and said, Let my mother be your mother; and he looked at his mother, and said, Let John be your son. So John took Mary to be his mother and live with him. Jesus loved his mother, and thought of her when he was dying.

Jesus was full of pain, and it was very hot. He said, I thirst; and the soldiers took a sponge and dipped it in vinegar, and put it on a stick, and gave it to Jesus.

Jesus just tasted the vinegar, and said, It is finished; and then he died. His spirit went to his Father, but his body hung upon the cross.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Jesus died. He had been nailed to the cross six hours. But before Jesus died, God had made it very dark, to show he was angry with the wicked people. And God had made the earth shake, and the people were frightened; and when Jesus was dead, some of them said, This must have been the Son of God.

Mary beheld one dying there,
Whom in her arms she once did bear,
And to her bosom press.
On her he cast his pitying eye;
For who shall now *his* place supply,
And cheer her loneliness?

The loving John shall be her son,
And cherish her till life is done,
Within his humble home;

And oft together they shall speak
Of Him who, once despised and weak,
At last in clouds shall come.

O gentle Lord, how great the love
Which made thy tender pity move
E'en in the hour of death!
O let me show my parents dear
The same kind love, and thoughtful care,
Until their latest breath.

LESSON XLIII.

THE SOLDIERS.

JOHN xix. 32–37.

AT last the soldiers came to see if Jesus and the two thieves were dead, that they might bury them before night. The soldiers looked at one thief, and they saw he was not dead, so they broke his legs, and that killed him. Then they looked at the other thief, and they saw he was not dead, so they broke his legs. Then they looked at Jesus, and they saw he was dead, so they did not break his legs; but one of the soldiers took a long stick with a sharp point at the end, called a spear, and put it in his side: and out of his side blood and water came flowing upon the ground. John was standing near, and he saw the blood poured out. Do you remember how Jesus, at supper, the night before, had poured wine into a cup, and said, This is my blood, which is shed for sinners?

Now his blood was poured out.

The spear made a hole in Jesus' side. There was a hole in his side, and a hole in each hand, and a hole in each foot; and his forehead was pricked with thorns, and his eyes had shed many tears, an

blood had come from his skin. All this he suffered for us, that God might forgive us our sins.

"Yes, he is surely dead,"
The cruel soldier said;
Then pierced the Saviour's side.
Behold a mingled tide
Of blood and water flowing from the wound,
Covered with crimson stains Golgotha's ground!

The loving John was near;
He saw the soldier's spear
Bring forth that wondrous flood
Of water and of blood;
And well remembered how his Master said,
He came for sinful man his blood to shed.

The blood that flowed that day
Long since has passed away;
But still there flows a stream—
Though by all eyes unseen—
For those that trust the blood on Calvary spilt;
And in that stream their souls are washed from guilt.

And does it flow for me?
And can I washed be?
For oft my soul has been
Spotted and stained with sin.
Mercy I ask, because my Saviour died;
And *thus*, as by a stream, I'm purified.

LESSON XLIV.

THE GRAVE.

JOHN xix. 38, TO END; LUKE xxiii. 55, 56; MATTHEW xxvii. 60.

THERE was once a rich man who loved Jesus; his name was Joseph—not Mary's husband, but another Joseph, called Joseph of Arimathea—he had a garden, and in the garden he had made a

tomb. Perhaps he meant to be buried there himself when he came to die.

But now Joseph thought, I should like to put the Lord Jesus in my tomb. It was a very nice tomb, and no one had ever been put there yet.

So Joseph went to Pontius Pilate, and said, I want the dead body of Jesus; may I take it down from the cross, and keep it myself?

And Pilate said, Yes, you may have it.

Then Joseph was glad. He brought some nice white clean linen. What do you think that was for? to wrap Jesus in. And he brought some spices—sweet-smelling things that grow out of the ground—and he brought some men with him, and they took the nails out of Jesus' hands and feet, and took his body down from the cross. Then Joseph wrapped a cloth round his head, and another cloth round his waist, and he put sweet spices on him; and then some men carried him along to Joseph's garden.

In the garden there was a tomb hewn out in a rock; and they went into this tomb, and there laid Jesus down quite alone. Now he was at rest; he felt no pain, no sorrow; the wicked people were not near; and there lay the Lord in his quiet grave. The men took a very large stone and stopped up the door of the tomb, so that nobody could come in. There were trees and flowers near him in this sweet garden, and there were angels there watching over him, though no one could see them.

Where were the good women who loved Jesus? They had been looking at him on the cross. How they must have wept when they saw him bleed, and heard him cry out to God!

The poor women had seen the men take him

down from the cross. They had followed the men into the garden; they had seen him put so carefully in his grave.

They said to each other, Let us get more spices, and make sweet ointment to put on the Lord Jesus.

Joseph had put some spices by him, but they wanted to put more. So they went home and made nice ointment.

In the cold grave the Savior 's sleeping,
While angels bright are watching near;
At home his loving friends are weeping,
For they have lost their Master dear.

His painful sufferings now are ended;
His wounded body is at rest;
His soul from every ill defended,
Reposes on his Father's breast.

CHILD.

Then when to die the Lord shall call me,
O why should I the cold grave fear?
For how should any ill befall me,
Since my dear Saviour once lay there?

LESSON XLV.

THE RESURRECTION.

Mark xvi. 1–6; Luke xxiv. 3–10; Matthew xxviii. 9, 10.

One morning very early when Jesus had only been dead two days, the poor women came into the garden. It was not quite light yet; it was very early in the morning.

As the women walked along with their ointment, they said to each other, How shall we get into the tomb? The men put a large stone before it; the stone is so big, we can not roll it away.

The women did not know what to do. At last they came to the grave, but the stone was rolled away. The women were quite surprised. Then they were afraid some wicked people had rolled it away, and stolen the body of Jesus. This made them very sad; they looked into the tomb, and saw that Jesus was not there. Soon they saw two beautiful angels standing by them. Their faces were bright like the sun, and their clothes whiter than snow.

The women trembled when they saw the angels; but the angels spoke sweetly and kindly to them, saying, Do not be afraid; we know that you are looking for Jesus. He is not here now; he is alive. Do not you remember how he said he would come to life again?

Come, said the angels, and look at the place where Jesus lay. Then run quickly, and tell his disciples that Jesus is alive, and that they shall see him very soon.

The women were very glad indeed; they ran quickly to tell the disciples. But as they were running, whom do you think they saw? Jesus himself. He did not look as he once had looked. No tears were on his cheeks; he was not weak and faint as when he carried his cross; he never would be sick any more; nor would he ever die again.

How pleased the women were to see him! They knelt down on the ground, and held his feet, that he might not go away, and they called him their Lord and their God. Yet still, they felt a little afraid; but Jesus told them not to be afraid. Go, he said, and tell my brothers that I shall soon see them again.

Whom did Jesus call his brothers?

His disciples. He had forgiven them for having fled when the wicked men took him.

The poor women ran, as Jesus had told them, to the disciples, and said, We have seen angels; we have seen the Lord Jesus. He is walking about, and you will see him soon. But the disciples would not believe them.

Behold how swift those women fly!
Both fear and joy are in their eye;
Ah, sure they've seen some glorious thing,
Or haste some glorious news to bring.

An angel's voice they lately heard;
To them the Lord has just appeared:
With fear their hearts are beating fast;
With joy to tell the news they haste.

They lately wept their dying Lord;
Now to their eyes he is restored:
He for their sakes has shed his blood,
And now is proved the Son of God.

I wonder not their joy is great,
For what could greater joy create?
Have they not found that matchless Friend,
On whom their hopes of heaven depend?

And in their joys have *I* no share?
My sins did he not also bear?
Yes, 'twas to save *my* soul from pain,
The Savior died and rose again.

Then, Jesus, with my infant breath,
I'll praise thy love, so strong in death;
And of thy glorious rising think,
When in the grave I gently sink.

LESSON XLVI.

MARY MAGDALENE

JOHN XX. 1–19.

I HAVE told you of two Marys: Mary, Jesus' mother, and another Mary, the sister of Lazarus. But there was another still, called Mary Magdalene. She came very early to the tomb, before the other women came. She looked into the tomb, but saw no angels; so she came running back, and told Peter and John that Jesus was not in his tomb. I am afraid, said Mary Magdalene, that some wicked people have taken him away, and that we shall not be able to find him.

So Peter and John began to run as fast as they could; but John came to the tomb first. He stooped down, and looked in, and saw the clothes lying in the grave.

Soon after Peter came, and he went down into the tomb, and saw the clothes neatly folded, and the cloth that was round Jesus' head lying in a place by itself. Then John went in too; and John thought of what Jesus had said about being alive again.

It was all true, thought John; he is alive, and has left his tomb.

Then Peter and John came out of the tomb, and went to their own house; but they saw no angels, nor did they see Jesus.

Where was Mary Magdalene all this time?

She was standing outside the tomb crying; she was quite alone; for Peter and John were gone home.

At last she stooped down and looked into the

tomb, and she saw a beautiful sight: two angels, one sitting where Jesus' head had been, and one where his feet had been.

The angels said to Mary, Why do you cry? But still she went on crying, and said, Some wicked people have taken away the Lord Jesus, and I can not find him.

When she had said this, she heard a man behind her, saying, Why do you cry?

She did not know who it was that spoke; she thought he might be the gardener. If you have taken him, said she, tell me where you have put him, and I will take him away.

The man said, Mary. She knew that voice, and turning round, she looked, and saw that it was Jesus. How glad she was to see her Lord and Master, whom she loved. But Jesus could not stay with her. He told her to go and tell his dear disciples that he was alive. He said, I am soon going up to my Father in heaven; but I shall see my disciples first.

Mary Magdalene came and told the disciples. They were all crying; but they would not believe what Mary said.

Mary was glad that she had gone to look for Jesus. She was the first of all the people who saw Jesus after he was alive again.

And why is Mary full of fears?
Her eye—why so bedimmed with tears;
  While gazing on that grave?
She can not find the *body* there,
Of one who lives, who 's standing near,
  Whose arm from death can save.

"Why weepest thou?" the Savior cries;
"I've lost my Lord," she quick replies,
  And thinks not it is he.

He speaks again; his voice she knows,
And now her heart with joy o'erflows,
Her dearest Lord to see.

His breathless clay she lately sought
Within the tomb, and little thought
Of this supreme delight.
O, vain were all her anxious fears,
And vain were all her bitter tears,
That flowed both day and night.

And is he not for ever near,
Although his voice we can not hear,
Nor see his glorious face?
Yes; over us his wings are spread,
And blessings still are gently shed,
For he fills every place.

The day shall come when, in the skies,
We shall behold *Him* with our eyes,
And know as we are known;
But while we wait for that sweet day,
We'll wipe our bitter tears away,
Since we are not alone.

LESSON XLVII.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

LUKE xxiv. 1–43.

IT was early in the morning that the women went to look for Jesus.

In the evening two good men were taking a walk together into the country. As they walked, they talked about Jesus. They did not know he was alive. They talked about his dying on the cross. It made them very sad to speak about it. At last a man came and spoke to them: they thought he was a stranger, yet he seemed to be a kind man.

He said, Why do you cry? I see you are talking of something very sad.

Yes, said these good men, we are talking of something sad. Did you never hear of Jesus? what wonderful things he did; how he cured the blind, and dumb, and sick; how he taught people about God? all the people loved him; but at last he was crucified. We thought he was the Son of God; but now we are afraid he was not, for he is dead, and we are afraid that we shall never see him again.

The kind stranger was sorry to see these good men cry. He began to talk to them, and said, Why should not Jesus be the Son of God? Have you not read in the Bible, how God said his Son should be brought like a lamb to the slaughter? He has died as was said, and he must come to life again, and go back to his Father.

This kind stranger said a great deal more. He knew all the verses in the Bible, and told these men a great many things they did not know. They liked to listen to the stranger; they did not feel so sad while he was talking.

At last these men came to their stopping place; it was in the country. The stranger seemed as if he was going on; but the two good men said to him, Pray, stay with us; it is getting dark. Come and sup with us, and sleep here: pray do come in.

The stranger said, Yes, I will.

The men went into a room where there was a supper. They all three sat down round the table. The stranger took some bread and broke it, and began to pray to God; and then the two men knew who the stranger was.

It is the Lord! they cried; and so it was. They

looked toward him, but they could see him no more. He opened not the door but yet he was gone.

Then the men thought of all that Jesus had said. How sweetly he talked to us? they said; did not we feel our hearts quite warm while he was speaking about the Bible, and telling us the meaning?

Do you think these men went to bed that night? O no; they could not sleep. Let us go, said they, and tell the disciples about our seeing Jesus. They walked quickly and soon came to Jerusalem.

The disciples were all shut up in a room together, and they had locked the doors to prevent the wicked people from getting in; but they let these good men come in.

We have seen Jesus, said these good men; he has walked with us, and talked with us; but we did not know him, till he sat down with us at supper, and broke some bread, and gave thanks to his Father. And the disciples said, Some women have seen him too, and Peter has seen him.

But while they were talking about Jesus, they looked and saw Jesus standing in the middle of the room. He had not opened the door, but there he stood.

How do you think the disciples felt? They were frightened; they could not believe that it was indeed Jesus himself.

Jesus spoke kindly to them. Do not be afraid, he said; it is your own Master that you see. Look, he said, at my hands. See the holes that the nails made. Look too at my feet; see these holes; and then he showed them his side, and the mark the spear had made. Now do you believe, said Jesus, that is I myself?

Then the disciples saw that it was their own

dear Master. They were glad, very glad to see him; they had been mourning ever since they had lost him. They saw that he had forgiven them for having run away. He said nothing to them about it: he had even forgiven Peter. He knew that Peter loved him, and that he was very sorry.

Then Jesus said, I will eat, to show you that I am alive. What have you to eat? So the disciples brought him a piece of fish and some honey, and Jesus sat down and ate.

Then afterwards he talked to them, and told them why he had died, and that he was going back to his Father to pray for them.

That was a pleasant night for the poor disciples. It was not like that sad night when Jesus was so sorrowful in the garden. His sorrows were over, and he never would feel pain any more.

There are but three around that table met;
'Tis their last meal, for now the sun has set.
One breaks the bread. I know that lovely face,
That voice—but lo, he's vanished from the place.

"Was it an angel? No, it was the Lord.
He lives again. He is to us restored."
What joy now fills those hearts that late were filled
With fears! Ah, now for ever, ever stilled.

"Well might our hearts burn in us by the way,
While Jesus spake," the fond disciples say;
"How sweet was his discourse! we little thought
That it was he. How strange we knew him not.

"But stranger far that we did not believe
That he would rise again! could *He* deceive?
O no; he is the faithful and the true,
And what he says he evermore will do.

CHILD.

Were these their thoughts? And such too will be mine,
When I in glory see my Savior shine;
For though I know he ever lives to save,
I sometimes doubt his word, and fear the grave.

LESSON XLVIII.

THOMAS.

JOHN XX. 24, TO END.

You have heard how the disciples saw Jesus in the evening. Now one of the disciples was not there when Jesus came. His name was Thomas. I do not know why he was not there.

When the disciples saw Thomas next, they said to him, We have seen Jesus. On Sunday night we saw him. He came into the room as we were sitting together, and he spoke to us. We are sure it was Jesus himself, because he showed us the marks of the nails in his hands and feet, and the hole in his side where the spear went in.

But Thomas would not believe the disciples. He said, I do not think you saw Jesus himself. He died upon the cross. I never will believe, unless I put my fingers into the marks of the nails, and put my hand into the hole in his side.

It was very wrong in Thomas to speak in this way. He should have remembered that Jesus had promised to be alive again.

Jesus heard Thomas speak, though Thomas could not see him. But Jesus was always with the disciples, and heard all they said, because he is God.

Next Sunday evening the disciples were in a room together. Thomas was there too. The doors were locked to keep the wicked people out; but the disciples knew that Jesus could come in. And he did come. They saw him standing in the middle of the room. He spoke kindly to them, and said, Peace be unto you!

Then he spoke to Thomas. Come, he said to Thomas, here are my hands, put your fingers into the marks; and here is the hole in my side, put your hand in it.

Now Thomas knew that Jesus had heard him speak so wickedly: he felt ashamed and sorry. He saw it was Jesus himself, and he cried out, My Lord and my God!

Then Jesus said to Thomas, Now you have seen, you believe, Blessed are they who have not seen, and yet have believed.

Jesus forgave Thomas for what he had said, because Thomas really loved Jesus.

"And can the Lord be risen?"
The doubting Thomas said;
"And has he broke the prison
Where lately he was laid?
Unless I feel, unless I see,
I never can believe 'tis he."

"Come, feel those wounded places,"
Jesus to Thomas said;
"Come, see the certain traces
Of blood that I have shed.
Behold, I stand before your eye,
O do you now believe 'tis I?"

CHILD.

My Lord, thou art still living,
And clothed in white array,
The Holy Spirit giving
To all who humbly pray;
And though I neither feel nor see,
I still believe that thou art he.

LESSON XLIX.

THE DINNER.

JOHN xxi. 1–19.

JESUS told his disciples to go a great way into the country, and he said, I will come and see you again. So the disciples went away from Jerusalem into the country. They came to the place where they had once lived by the water-side. They had some little ships on the water, and they used to catch fish when they were in the ships.

One night Peter said to the disciples, I shall go and fish; and the disciples said, We will go with you. So they got into a little ship, and all night long they tried to catch fish, but they could not catch any. They were tired and hungry.

At last it was morning, and they looked up, and saw a man standing near the water; they did not know who the man was.

The man called out to them, and said, Children, have you any thing to eat?

The poor disciples said, No; for they had caught no fish all night.

The man said, Let down your net on the right side of the ship, and you shall find some fish.

They did as the man told them, and they caught such a number of fishes in the net, that they could hardly lift it out of the water.

Now John found out who the man was: he said to Peter, It is the Lord.

Peter was very glad, and he jumped into the water, and swam first to Jesus. The other disciples came soon after in their little ship, with their nets and their fishes. Jesus knew that they

were tired and hungry. By the water-side there was a fire of coals, and some fish on the fire, and some bread. How kind was Jesus to give some food to his poor hungry disciples!

Jesus said to them, Bring the fish that you have caught. So Peter went and took up the net, and found it full of great fishes: one hundred and fifty-three.

This was a great miracle that Jesus had done. Then Jesus said to them, Come and dine. So they all sat down to dine together. Then Jesus took the bread, and gave some to each, and he took the fish and gave some of it to each.

Now the disciples were quite sure that it was Jesus who was feeding them. This was the way they had dined together before Jesus had died; and now he was alive, they dined together again: but they knew he was not going to stay long with them.

When they had all finished eating, Jesus said to Peter, Do you love me?

Peter said, Yes, Lord; you know that I love you.

Then Jesus said, Feed my lambs; that is, teach other people to love me. Go and tell people about my dying for them.

You, my little children, are like Christ's lambs, and I feed you when I talk to you about Christ. I feed your souls, and try to keep them from hell.

Peter did love Jesus, and Jesus knew he did. Yet Jesus said again, Do you love me? Peter said again, Lord, you know I love you. Then Jesus said, Feed my sheep.

Jesus asked Peter once more the same thing: Do you love me?

Peter was grieved because Jesus asked the

third time. It made him very sorry. He said, Lord, you know every thing. You know that I love you.

Jesus said again, Feed my sheep.

If Peter loved Jesus, he would do what Jesus bid him, and go and teach people.

Do you love Jesus, my little children? What would you answer if Jesus said to you, Do you love me? Could you say to Jesus, Look into my heart and you will see that I love you? If you really do love him, you will hate lies and bad passions, and you will try to be kind and gentle, and to speak truth.

Why did Jesus ask Peter so often whether he loved him? Why did he ask him three times over?

Peter had said he did not know Jesus three times over. So Jesus wanted to hear him say he loved him three times over.

Then Jesus told Peter what would happen to him when he was old. Jesus said to Peter, When you were young, you walked about where you liked; but when you are old, some men will take you, and stretch out your hands, and carry you where you do not like to go.

Jesus meant that Peter would be crucified; men would stretch out his hands on a cross, and nail him, as they had done Jesus. Wicked people would crucify Peter, because he loved Jesus; but Peter would never say again that he did not know Jesus.

Peter was not proud now as he used to be. And Peter would pray to God to keep him from sin.

Death has not changed the Savior's heart.
Behold these pierced hands impart
The food they have prepared,

While seven disciples sit around,
Joying that they the Friend have found,
For whom they fondly cared.

He was as ready to forgive,
As when with them he used to live,
Before his cruel death;
For they had fled when he was tried,
And Peter had his Lord denied
With most unfaithful breath.

The Lord well knew love now inspired
His bosom; yet three times inquired,
"Simon, dost thou love me?"
And Peter said, "O thou alone,
To whom all things are fully known,
Thou know'st that I love thee."

And by what sign his faithful love,
Shall Peter to his Savior prove?
"Go, feed my lambs and sheep."
And gladly this will Peter do,
That others may be pardoned too
And taught from sin to keep.

O happy they who truly can
Entreat the Lord their heart to scan,
And see their faithful love;
And happy they who still obey
His sweet commands, and what they say
By faithful actions prove.

O blessed Lord, to whom alone
My sinful heart is fully known,
Thou know'st if I love thee.
Increase my love; for well I know
My fondest love I should bestow
On him who died for me.

LESSON L.

THE ASCENSION.

MATTHEW xxviii. 16, TO END; LUKE xxiv. 46, TO END; ACTS i. 4–15.

JESUS used to come and see his disciples after he was made alive again; but he did not live all the time with them, as he once had done.

He told them he was soon going up to his Father. When I am gone you must tell people about me. You must tell the wicked people who crucified me, and tell all men that I will forgive them if they are sorry for their sins. I will send down my Holy Spirit from heaven, and you shall do miracles as I have done. Do not be afraid of wicked people; I will always be with you, though you do not see me. By and by I shall come back again.

The disciples asked Jesus when he would come back; but Jesus would not tell them when.

One day Jesus and his disciples walked together to the top of a hill. Jesus began to pray with his disciples, and he lifted up his hands and blessed them. While he was doing this, he was taken up by his heavenly Father, and a cloud received him out of their sight. The disciples still looked up, and saw the cloud go higher and higher, till they could see it no more. But still they kept on looking. Then they heard some person speaking to them; they looked to see who it was, and they saw two angels standing by them. The angels were dressed in white shining clothes. They said, Why do you look so long at the sky? Jesus will come again some day in the clouds. So the disciples went back to Jerusalem.

Perhaps you think they were very unhappy, now Jesus was gone. No, they were not. They knew he was gone to get a place in heaven ready for them, and that they should live with him for ever, and this made them glad.

Blessed Lord, I see thee praying,
While thy friends around thee stand:
Clouds I see thy form conveying
To thy Father's own right hand.

Angels now thy friends are cheering
With bright hopes of thy return:
Looking for thy sweet appearing,
Why should they thine absence mourn?

CHILD.

Art thou, Lord, for me preparing
In thy Father's house a place?
Thy sweet prayers I would be sharing,
Lest I should forsake thy ways.

Savior dear, I beg to see thee
On the clouds in glory ride,
From all sorrow come to free me,
And to place me by thy side.

LESSON LI.

PETER IN PRISON

Acts xii. 1-23.

What had Jesus told his disciples to do when he had gone back to his Father?

To tell the wicked people at Jerusalem that Christ would forgive them, if they were sorry for their sins.

The disciples said to the wicked people, at Jerusalem, that Christ would forgive them, if they were sorry for their sins.

The disciples said to the wicked people, You

have crucified the Son of God. He is alive, and is gone up to sit on his Father's throne; but he will forgive you.

Some of the wicked people were sorry for what they had done to Jesus, and begged God to forgive them; and some of the wicked people were not sorry, but tried to kill the disciples.

A wicked king cut off the head of James with a sword, and then shut up Peter in prison, meaning to kill him soon.

Did you ever see a prison?

It is a dark place, with great doors and bars, and walls all around.

Some soldiers took Peter, and put chains on his hands, and chains on his feet, and they locked the door of the prison, and stood by the door, that no one might get out or in.

Peter's friends were very unhappy because he was in prison; but they could not take him out. Yet there was one thing they could do: they could pray to God to save Peter, and so they did. Peter's friends sat up at night and prayed to God.

The wicked king said, To-morrow, I shall have Peter killed. But God would not let Peter be killed. So God told one of his beautiful angels to go and let Peter out of the prison. The angel could go into the prison without opening the doors.

It was night when the angel came. Peter was asleep. On each side of him there was a soldier, and on each of his hands there was a chain. You would not like to sleep in a prison with soldiers near you, and chains on your hands; but Peter knew that God loved him, and that he was safe.

So the angel came. It was dark in the prison.

Could Peter see the angel?

Yes; for the angel was bright like the sun, and made the prison light.

The angel touched Peter on the side, and lifted him up, and the chains fell off Peter's hands.

He told Peter to put on his clothes. And Peter did so. Then said the angel, Follow me. So the angel walked first, and Peter followed him. They went through the prison, but the soldiers did not see Peter go out, for God made them sleep. Peter was quite surprised; he thought he was dreaming, and that he did not see a real angel.

At last they came to a great iron gate. It was fast locked; but the angel took no key to open it. It opened of itself, and let Peter and the angel go through.

Now they were in the street. Still the angel went on, and Peter came after him; but they did not speak a word.

All the people were asleep, and did not know that a bright angel was walking in the street. The angel only walked down one street, and then he went back to heaven, and left Peter standing alone in the street, in the dark.

Peter stood some time thinking to himself, What a wonderful thing has happened! I was shut up in prison, but God has sent his angel to let me out. The king meant to kill me to-morrow, but now I shall not be killed.

I know that Peter thanked God for his kindness. Peter did not stay all night in the street. He went to the house of a good woman he knew, and he knocked at the door.

Were the people in the house asleep?

No; they were all awake, though it was night.

Why were they not in bed?

This good woman had heard how the king would kill Peter to-morrow; so she had sent for her friends to come and pray with her for Peter, and while they were praying they heard a knock. It was a strange thing to hear a knock in the night; but they never guessed who it was.

The maid went to the door, but she was afraid to open it, lest it should be some of the wicked people come to kill the good woman and her friends. So she stopped at the door without opening it, to hear who it was; but when she heard Peter speak, how happy she was; she knew his voice. She did not say, Are you Peter? She was sure it was Peter. She was so much surprised that she forgot to open the door; but ran back to her mistress and the rest of the disciples, and said, Peter is standing before the gate. But they said, No, it can not be Peter; he is shut up in prison.

The maid said, It is Peter. I am sure it is. While they were talking, Peter was standing outside, and he went on knocking, because nobody opened the door. So they ran and opened the door, and when they saw Peter they were quite surprised.

How did you get out of prison? they said.

Then Peter made a sign with his hand to make them all quiet, that he might tell them how he got out of prison.

God sent an angel, said Peter, who brought me out of the prison. Go and tell all my friends what has happened, for I must go away. So Peter went away to a place where the wicked king could not find him.

What do you think the soldiers said when they could not find Peter in the morning?

They were much frightened: they saw his chains, but not Peter. They found the gates locked; they could not think how Peter had got out of prison.

So the king sent for Peter. This was the day Peter was to be killed. All the wicked people in Jerusalem were expecting to see him. The king's servants said, Where is Peter? Bring him out.

The soldiers answered, We can not tell where Peter is; he is gone.

The servants went and told the king that Peter was not in prison. The king was very angry: he said, Bring the soldiers to me. They must have fallen asleep.

When the soldiers came, they could not tell the king how Peter had got away. For God had made them sleep when the angel led Peter away. The king was in a great rage, and said, The soldiers must be killed.

What a wicked king this was! He loved to do wickedness. He was very proud, and hated God, and God's people. He fell into passions, and only cared to please himself. At last God sent an angel to kill him, and worms ate up his flesh until he died.

God sent angels to punish the wicked, and to help people who loved him as Peter did.

"Awake," the angel cries; and from the hands
Of wondering Peter fall the iron bands;
The gates fly open of their own accord,
And Peter is to liberty restored.

His guide he follows through the gloom of night—
Where angels are, there needs no other light;
The angel's gone, and Peter, left alone,
Sees and admires the love his God has shown.

At yonder gate he knocks; thence prayer ascends,
On this sad night, from Peter's sorrowing friends:
With glad surprise the maiden hears his voice;
All round him flock, and with one heart rejoice.

CHILD.

So when my body dies, shall angels guide
My happy soul to my dear Father's side:
To meet me at the gate shall angels throng;
With joy shall tune their harps and raise their song.

LESSON LII.

JOHN.

REVELATION i. 9–19; iv. 1–5; xxii.

ALMOST all the twelve disciples were killed by wicked men at last. When Peter was old, some wicked men crucified him, because he loved Jesus. Now he is in heaven with Jesus, clothed in a white robe, and all his tears wiped away. His dear Lord Jesus is always near him, and this makes him happy.

John lived till he was very old indeed. A wicked king took him, and put him in a place by himself; not in a prison, but in an island, where there were no houses, and no people, but there was water all round it, so that John could not get away.

Was John unhappy when he was all alone?

No; God was with him, and John loved to think of the Father, and of his Son Jesus.

It was Sunday, and John was thinking of God, when he heard a voice behind him, like the noise of a trumpet, very loud indeed. He turned round to see who it was; and whom do you think he saw?

The Lord Jesus came down from heaven, all glorious and shining. When John saw him he could not speak or stand; he was afraid, and he

fell down on the ground, as if he were dead. But Jesus touched him with his hand, and said, Fear not; I am he that liveth and was dead, and, behold, I am alive for evermore. I am going to show you many things, and you must write down what you see in a book. Then Jesus took John up into heaven, and an angel showed him most beautiful things.

He saw a throne on which God sat. There was a rainbow round the throne. There were a great many seats, and men sitting on them, clothed in white, with crowns of gold on their heads. The men took off their crowns, and threw them down before the throne, and praised Jesus the Lamb of God.

John saw a great many angels, more than he could count, standing round the throne, singing praises to the Lamb.

But of all the things John saw in heaven, there was nothing so glorious as God himself.

In heaven there is no sun nor moon; no candle nor lamp. Yet it is always light, because God shines more brightly than the sun. The music of harps and sweet singing are always to be heard; for all the angels can sing the praises of God.

John wondered at the things he saw and heard; and he fell down at the feet of the angel who had shown them to him.

But the angel said, You must not worship me; I am only a servant of God; you must worship God.

Then the angel went on speaking, and said, Jesus will soon come down from heaven to judge the world. He will open the gates of heaven to let those people in who mind God's word; but those who tell lies, and do wicked things, shall be shut out.

All people who love Jesus wish him to come again in the clouds.

Do you wish to see Jesus, my little children? Then you may answer, Even so, come, Lord Jesus.

I hope that when you die, your spirit will go to Jesus, and that when Jesus comes again he will bring you with him.

John wrote down in a book the things he had seen in heaven, and now it is in the Bible. At last John died, and his soul went to God. He is with Jesus now in heaven. He plays on a golden harp, and sings with the angels. And when Jesus comes again in the clouds, John will come with him.

When John was by the angel led
To the bright world on high;
He saw what joys await the dead
When up to heaven they fly.

He saw them round the Father's throne,
Gazing upon his face,
Singing to harps of sweetest tone
The praises of his grace.

He saw them clothed in robes of white,
Such as the angels wear,
Shining, like stars of morning bright,
And like the angels fair.

He saw the city where they dwelt,
Whose praises can't be told;
The walls of precious stones were built,
The streets were purest gold.

He saw the Lamb, whose blood was spilt
To give his people rest;
With his bright beams the place was filled,
And every heart was blest.

Charmed with the sight, John bent his knee
Before that angel fair;
Who said, "Thou must not worship me:
To God address thy prayer."

CHILD.

'Tis God who rules the angelic host,
In the fair world of light;
'Tis God who shuts the spirits lost
In realms of endless night.

O let me then this God implore,
To pardon all my sin,
And ope to me the heavenly door,
And bid me enter in.

I know there 's room enough for all
Who truly wish to come;
So God I will my Father call,
And that sweet place my home.

LESSON LIII.

THE JUDGMENT-DAY.

1 Thessalonians iv. 15–17; Revelation xx. 11, to end.

You know that Jesus will come again in the clouds.

Little children, do you know when he will come? Shall I tell you when Jesus will come? You would like to know; but I can not tell you when: I do not know. The angels do not know what day it will be. No one knows but God. There will be many wicked people in the world then; and some good people. An angel will blow a great trumpet, and Jesus will say to the people who are dead, Come out of your graves.

The bodies of all the dead people will come out of their graves. Those who love Christ will be like the angels, and will fly up into the air. Those who are alive when Jesus comes, he will take up into the air to meet him.

He will come in the clouds, shining brighter than the sun, and all the angels with him. He will sit upon a white throne, and he will wear a crown upon his head, and every body will stand round his throne. He will open some books, in which are written down all the wicked things that people have done. God has seen all the wrong things you have done. He can see in the dark as well as in the light, and knows all your bad thoughts. He will read every thing out of his book before the angels that stand round. Yet God will forgive some people, because Christ died upon the cross for them.

Whom will he forgive?

Those who love Jesus with all their hearts. He has written down their names in another book, called the book of life. He will forgive their sins, wipe away their tears, and let them live with him for ever.

Do you hope that Jesus will write down your name in his book?

Ask him to give you his Holy Spirit. Then you will love Jesus, and hate to do wickedly.

What will God do to those who do not love him? God will put them in a lake of fire, called hell. There they will gnash their teeth, and weep and wail for ever.

God will put Satan in the same place, and all the devils. Satan is the father of the wicked, and he and his children will be punished for ever. They will not have one drop of water to cool their burning tongues. Many people in hell will say, How I wish I had listened to the words of my teachers! But I would not mind; and now it is too late. I never can go out of this dreadful

place. How foolish I have been! Once God would have heard my prayers, but now I weep and wail in vain!

I hope, my dear children, that none of you will ever speak such sad words.

Remember, Satan goes about as a roaring lion, seeking to devour you, by tempting you to displease God; but Christ will keep you from wickedness, if you pray to him.

One day God will burn up this world we live in. It is dreadful to see a house on fire. Did you ever see one? But how dreadful it will be to see this great world, and all the houses and trees burning! The noise will be terrible: the heat will be very great. The wicked will not be able to escape from God. They will burn for ever and ever. The world will not burn for ever; it will be burnt up at last, and God will make another much better than this.

If you are God's child, you will not be frightened when the world is burning; for you will be safe with Jesus, praising him for having loved and saved you.

How oft behind yon hill
The sun has hid his face;
How oft returned to fill
With joyful light the place!
And shall the sun for ever thus return?
Shall morn succeed to eve, and eve to morn?

O no; the day shall come—
And who can tell how soon?—
When dark shall be that sun,
And red the silver moon;
When sun and moon shall never more return,
But God on clouds shall come the world to burn.

O say, shall I be there,
To see the fearful glare,
The dreadful sound to hear,
The burning heat to bear,
Of falling crags and rocks, of roaring seas,
Of smoking hills, and flaming earth and skies?

O yes, I shall be there:
The grave shall opened be;
All shall the trumpet hear,
The Judge's face shall see;
In vain shall some upon the mountains call,
To hide their heads from him who judges all.

The books shall then be read,
In which our God has wrote
All that we ever said,
Or ever did or thought;
And many cheeks with burning shame shall glow,
And many souls be plunged in deepest woe.

Ah, how shall I avoid
Eternal misery?
My sins, a heavy load,
Show I deserve to die;
And yet, to think upon that burning lake
Makes my flesh tremble, and my bones to shake.

Lord, by the blood He shed
Who hung upon the tree,
Before the books are read,
May my sins pardoned be:
And then my tears shall all be wiped away,
And I shall dwell in everlasting day.

QUESTIONS ON THE LESSONS.

I.—Why does the sun not fall from the sky? Is your body like a stone? Why do you breathe? What are the four things that are called your body? How might your body be hurt? What can keep it from being hurt?

II.—What was it your mother did for you when you were a baby? Does your mother make you breathe, and keep you alive? Why did God give you a mother? What should you say to God for giving you a mother?

III.—What is it your father does to get money? Why does he buy things for you with his money? What sad things have happened to some children's fathers? Have you a father that can not die?

IV.—What other things have bodies, as well as you? Are their bodies like yours? What have you besides a body? Why can not dogs and horses think of God? Is your soul better than your body? Why? What is your body made of? What is your soul made of? Where will your body be put when you die? Where do you hope that your soul will go?

V.—Who live with God in heaven? What are the angels always doing? Why are they always happy? Why do angels come down here? What is it the angels do for children who love God, when they die? Can you make yourself good?

VI.—Did the angels always live in heaven? Who has lived always? Why did God cast some angels out of heaven? What is the name of the prince of the bad angels? Why does Satan walk about here? Can you keep yourselves from Satan?

VII.—What is the place that we live in called? Who was always in heaven with God? Is Jesus Christ the same as God? How did God make this world? What was the first thing God made? What is that you can feel, but can not see? What is the water in the sky called? What is the name of the large deep place full of water? What do we walk upon? What are the five things that God made?

VIII.—How many different sort of things grow out of the ground? Tell me the names of some trees—of some vegetables—of some kinds of corn—of some flowers. What bright things did God put in the sky? How many stars are there?

IX.—How many sorts of living things did God make? Tell me the names of some fishes—birds—insects—beasts.

X.—What was the last thing God made? How did God make Adam? Where did God put Adam? What did God give him? Why did God make Eve? How did he make her? How many days was God in making the world? Tell me the names of all the things God made.

XI.—What did God tell Adam and Eve to do? Who asked Eve to eat the fruit? Why did he ask her? What lie did the serpent tell to Eve? Were Adam and Eve good after they had eaten the fruit? Why did they hide themselves under the trees? What did God say should be done to Adam and Eve to punish them? Who drove them out of the garden?

XII.—Were Adam and Eve happy after they had eaten the fruit? Why not? Who took pity upon them? What did God desire his Son to do for Adam? What did God's Son say to his Father, when he told him to be a man, and die? Are we some of Adam's children? Did the Son of God die for us? Where should we have gone when we died, if Jesus had not died for us? Did Jesus come down into the world as *soon* as Adam had grown wicked? Did he wait a long while, or a little while?

XIII.—Did Adam and Eve *know* that God would send his Son to die for them? Could God make Adam and Eve good again? How could they be made good? What must you ask for, if you wish to be good? When did God send his Son down into the world? Whose little baby did God's Son choose to be? Who told her she should have a little baby? What name did the angel say she was to give her baby? What did Mary do when the angel was gone back to heaven?

XIV.—What was the name of Mary's husband? Why did Mary and Joseph take a long journey? What is the name of the town they came to? Did they sleep in the inn at night? Why not? Where did they sleep? What baby was born while Mary was in the stable? Did Mary know it was the Son of God? Where did she lay her baby? What did she wrap it in? Did Jesus look like other babies? Was his heart like other babies' hearts?

XV.—Who were in the fields near Bethlehem the night Jesus was born? Why did the shepherds sit up at night? What did they see in the sky? What did the angels tell them? Who sang songs in the sky, after the angels had spoken? When the angels were gone, where did the shepherds go? Did the shepherds tell people what they had seen?

XVI.—Who came from a great way off to see Jesus? Who told them that God had sent his Son to be a baby? How did

they find the way to Bethlehem? What did they bring with them? Where did the star stop? What did the wise men do when they saw Jesus?

XVII.—Who wanted to kill Jesus when he was a baby? Were there many babies in Bethlehem? Did King Herod know *which* baby was the Son of God? Whom did Herod desire to be killed? Did he kill Jesus? Why not? Who told Joseph to take Jesus a great way off? Whom did Herod send to kill the babies in Bethlehem? Did Jesus ever come back to his own country? Who told Joseph to take Jesus back to his own country? Why? What was Joseph's trade? Did the people love Jesus when he was a child? Why did they love him?

XVIII.—When Jesus grew to be a man, where did he go by himself? Were there any beasts in the wilderness? How many days was Jesus there? What did he eat? Who came to him at last? Why did Satan come? What did Satan ask Jesus to do first? Why would not Jesus turn the stones into bread? What did Satan ask Jesus to do when he had taken him to the top of a high building? Why would not Jesus throw himself down? What did Satan show Jesus from the top of a hill? What did Satan say Jesus must do, if he would have all these fine things? Would Jesus do this? Who fed Jesus after Satan was gone away? What harm does Satan want to do to children, and to all people?

XIX.—Where used Jesus to preach? How many disciples had Jesus? Did they ever quarrel? Can you tell me the names of some of them? What was Peter doing when Jesus told him to come with him? What were James and John doing when Jesus called them? Why did Jesus choose to have some friends always with him? What did they call Jesus? What did he call them? Did they love Jesus? Why did they like being with him? Did Jesus give them money or fine things? Why were the disciples good?

XX.—When Jesus was at a feast, what was it that was all drunk up very soon? How did Jesus make more wine? What was the first miracle that Jesus did?

XXI.—Why did sick and blind people come to Jesus? How did he cure one blind man? How did he cure a deaf and dumb man? What did he say to a man who was ill in bed? What did he say to the woman whose back was bent? What could Jesus do that was more wonderful than making sick people well? When Jesus was walking in the road,

what did he see being carried by some men? Who was crying very much, because the man was dead? What did Jesus say to the dead man? What did the man do? What did the people say when they saw the dead man come to life?

XXII.—How did the rich man behave to Jesus, when he asked him to dine with him? What did the naughty women do to Jesus? Why did she love Jesus so very much? Why did Jesus forgive her all her naughtiness? Will Jesus forgive you your naughtiness, if you are sorry?

XXIII.—What made the disciples afraid once when they were in a ship? Was it wrong in them to be afraid? What did Jesus say to the wind, and to the water? What did the disciples say when they saw the wind and water obey Jesus?

XXIV.—Did Jesus ever make a dead child alive again? Who was sitting round her bed when Jesus came? Why did Jesus say that the girl was asleep? What did Jesus do to the people who laughed at him? Whom did Jesus allow to stay in the room? How old was the girl?

XXV.—Did many people come to hear Jesus preach? Why did Jesus not like to send them home at night? How many loaves and fishes did Jesus feed them with? Who gave the people the bread and fish? Did the people leave any of the bread? Where were the little pieces of bread put? Who makes the grass and the corn grow? Could your mother give you bread if God did not make the corn grow? Does God feed any other creatures besides men, women, and children? Why does God take more care of you than of the birds?

XXVI.—Were the disciples as kind as Jesus? How did they behave to a poor woman who wanted Jesus to help her? What did they say to the poor women who brought their children to Jesus? What did Jesus say to the disciples, when they were sending the children away? What did Jesus do to the children, when they were come to him? What sort of children does Jesus love? Are there any children in heaven?

XXVII.—Why did Jesus choose to be alone sometimes? Did Jesus ever pray to his Father, when his disciples were with him? What did they ask Jesus to teach them? What prayer did Jesus teach them? What is the meaning of "Hallowed be thy name?" What is the meaning of "trespasses?" What must you ask for, to make you good? Will God give you the Spirit, if you ask him?

XXVIII.—Did Jesus know that the wicked people would soon kill him? To whom did Jesus talk about his dying?

Were they sorry? Why did many people hate Jesus? Who is the father of liars? How did the wicked people try to kill Jesus? Did Jesus let them kill him? Why did he hide himself in a place a great way off?

XXIX.—Had Lazarus any sisters? What were their names? Did Jesus ever come to their house and dine? When Lazarus was sick, was Jesus with him? Was Lazarus dead before Jesus came? Did Martha think that Jesus would make Lazarus alive again? Why did Jesus sigh and weep? Where was dead Lazarus put? What did Jesus say to Lazarus? What clothes did Lazarus wear in the grave? What did the people think of Jesus, when they saw him make Lazarus live?

XXX.—What did some of the people in Jerusalem wish to do to Jesus? Did Jesus walk or ride into Jerusalem? Where did the disciples find an ass? Why did so many of the people come to see Jesus when he was riding on an ass? What did the people lay upon the road? How did the little children make the proud men angry?

XXXI.—Where was the Temple? What used people to do in it? Did Jesus go there often? Who used to come there to laugh at Jesus? Where did Jesus go at night? Why did not the wicked men take Jesus when he was in the Temple? Did the wicked men know where Jesus went at night?

XXXII.—Did *all* Jesus' disciples love him? Did Judas *say* that he did not love Jesus? Did the other disciples know that Judas did not love Jesus? Did Jesus know it? What did Judas love better than any other thing? Was Judas a thief? What did Judas promise the wicked people he would do, if they would give him money? How much money did they promise to give him? Did Jesus know that Judas meant to show the wicked people where he was at night?

XXXIII.—Had Jesus any house in Jerusalem? How did he get a room to eat supper in with his disciples, before he died? Whom did he send to find the room? How did Peter and John find out which house they were to go to? What things were in the room? Who sat next to Jesus at supper? How many people were at the supper? Why did Jesus pour water into a basin? Why did not Peter like Jesus to wash his feet? Had Jesus made his disciples' hearts clean? Was Judas' heart clean? Why did Jesus wash his disciples' feet? What commandment did Jesus give to his disciples?

XXXIV.—What did Jesus say at supper that one of his disciples would do? Who asked Jesus to tell him which it

was? Who dipped his hand in the dish with Jesus? Why did Judas go out of the room? What did the disciples think he was going to do?

XXXV.—What did Jesus break into pieces, and give to his disciples? What did he give them to drink? What was the bread like? What was the wine like? Where did Jesus go after supper? What did he tell his disciples as he walked along the road? What did Peter say he would do, if Jesus was killed or taken to prison? What did Jesus tell Peter that he would say? Where would Jesus go after he was killed? Would Jesus forget his disciples when he was in heaven? What did Jesus say he would send into their hearts? Where did Jesus take his disciples?

XXXVI.—When Jesus was in the garden, did he take *all* his disciples with him to another part of the garden? How many did he take with him? What did Jesus tell them to do while he was praying? What did Jesus pray to his Father about? Was he very unhappy? Did Peter, and James, and John pray, while Jesus was praying? How many times did Jesus come back to Peter, and John, and James? Who came from heaven to comfort him? Who came into the garden at last? Why did Judas kiss Jesus? Did Jesus know why Judas kissed him? What kind name did Jesus call Judas? Did Jesus run away from the wicked men? Who made the wicked people fall to the ground? Did they get up again soon? Did the disciples run away? What did Peter cut off with his sword? Did Jesus wish Peter to fight for him? What was it Jesus did to the man's ear? Where did the wicked people take Jesus? What was Jesus like when he went so meekly with them?

XXXVII.—Had the proud men gone to the garden *themselves*, or had they sent their servants? What had they been doing all night? When Jesus came to Jerusalem, where did he stand? Did they ask him if he were the Son of God? Did he say that he was? What did the wicked proud men say must be done to Jesus? Where was Peter all this time? Could Peter see Jesus? Did Peter wish the people to know that he was one of Jesus' disciples? Why not? Did any one ask Peter who he was? What did Peter say? How many times did people ask Peter who he was? What did Peter hear? What was it Peter did after Jesus had looked at him? Did Peter really love Jesus? Who had often prayed for Peter? Did Satan have his soul at last?

XXXVIII.—Did Jesus stand a long time before the wicked people? How did one of the servants behave to him? When did the wicked men take him to the judge? What did the servants put over his face? Where was the judge sitting? What was the judge's name? Did the judge wish to hurt Jesus? What did the wicked people say that Jesus had called himself? *Was* he a king? What is scourging? Why did the soldiers laugh at him? What clothes did they put on him? What did they put on his head? What did they put in his hand? What is a sceptre? Why did Pilate tell the wicked people to look at Jesus? Did the people make a great noise? Why did they cry out very loud? What did Pilate at last say should be done to Jesus? *Why* did Pilate allow Jesus to be crucified?

XXXIX.—Was Judas happy when he got the thirty pieces of silver? What did he do with them? How did Judas kill himself? Where is Judas now?

XL.—Who carried Jesus' cross? Could Jesus carry it quite by himself? Who came after Jesus crying, because he was going to die? What did Jesus say to these kind women? What did the wicked men do to Jesus when he came to the top of the hill? Who took Jesus' clothes? Did they tear them all? Whom did Jesus ask his Father to forgive? Should we forgive people who are unkind to us?

XLI.—What did Pontius Pilate write upon the cross? Did the wicked people come to see Jesus on the cross? What did they say to Jesus? Why did not Jesus come down from the cross? How many people were crucified with Jesus? Did both the thieves go to heaven? What did one of the thieves ask Jesus to do? Did he ask Jesus to save him from dying on the cross?

XLII.—Where was Jesus' mother, Mary, when he was on the cross? Who stood near the Virgin Mary? Who took care of her after Jesus was crucified? What did the soldiers give Jesus to drink? What did Jesus say just before he died? What o'clock was it when Jesus died? What frightened the people just before he died?

XLIII.—How did the soldiers kill the thieves? Why did they kill them so soon? Why did not the soldiers break the legs of Jesus? What did they put into the side of Jesus? What is a spear? What came out of his side? What had Jesus poured out once at supper, and said "This is my blood?" Why did Jesus shed his blood on the cross?

XLIV.—Who put Jesus into his own grave? Where was the grave? Whom did Joseph ask to let him have Jesus' body? What did Joseph wrap it in? What did he put around Jesus' head and waist? What was put before the grave? Did any one see where Jesus was laid? What did the women make when they went home?

XLV.—When did the women come to the grave? Why did they come? Who rolled away the large stone? How did the angels look? Were the women pleased when they saw them? What did the angels tell the women? To whom did the women run to tell what they had seen? Whom did the women see as they went along? What did the women do when they saw Jesus? Did the disciples believe that the women had seen him? Had Jesus forgiven his disciples for leaving him alone?

XLVI.—How many Marys have I told you of? Who came very early to the grave of Jesus? What two disciples ran to the grave of Jesus? Which came there first? Which of them went into the grave first? What did Peter and John see in the grave? Did John believe that Jesus was alive again? Did Peter and John see Jesus or angels? Who stood alone, crying by the grave? What did she see when she looked in? Why did Mary Magdalene cry? Who was the man that spoke to her kindly? Was he the gardener? Did Jesus stay with Mary? Who was the first person that saw Jesus after he was alive again?

XLVII.—On what day did Jesus come out of his grave? What were two good men doing that evening? What were they talking about? Who came and walked with them? Did they know that Jesus was with them? What did Jesus talk to them about? Did Jesus come into the house of the two good men? When did they find out who he was? Did Jesus stay in the room? Did the good men stay in their own house that night? Where did they go? Who came into the room without opening the door? What did Jesus show to all his disciples? Were the disciples sure that Jesus was the same Jesus? What did Jesus eat? Why did Jesus eat?

XLVIII.—Which of the disciples would not believe that Jesus was alive again? What did Thomas say he must do, before he would believe? When did Thomas see Jesus again? What did Jesus say to him when he saw him? Did Thomas believe *then* that Jesus was alive?

XLIX.—Did the disciples stay in Jerusalem, or did they go

into the country? Why did they go in boats one night? Could they catch any fish? Who spoke to them in the morning? What did he tell them to do? Had they caught any fish in the net? What question did Jesus ask Peter three times? What did Jesus desire Peter to do, if he really loved him? How can children show that they really love Jesus? What did Jesus tell Peter? Can you tell me a verse about loving Jesus?

L.—Did Jesus live always with his disciples after he was alive again, or did he only come to see them sometimes? What did Jesus tell his disciples to do when he was gone back to his Father? Did he tell them he should come back? What was Jesus doing just before he went away in the cloud? Who spoke to the disciples as they were looking up at the cloud? Were the disciples unhappy when Jesus was gone? Why were they not unhappy?

LI.—What did the disciples tell the wicked people in Jerusalem? Were any of the wicked people who had killed Jesus sorry for their wickedness? What happened to James at last? Where was Peter shut up?

[*Let the Teacher or Parent ask farther questions at discretion.*]

LII.—Where was John shut up alone? Who came to see John when he was alone? What did Jesus show him? Whom did he see sitting around God's throne? How many angels did he see? What makes heaven always light? When John fell down at the angel's feet, what did the angel say? What will Jesus do when he comes again? Who wrote down about heaven and the angels in a book?

LIII.—When will the last day come? What great noise will there be at the last day? What will Jesus say to the dead people? What will be done to the bodies of people who love Jesus? Where will Jesus sit? What has Jesus written down in his books? Whose sins shall Jesus forgive? Where has he written down their names? Where will God put the wicked? Who will torment them for ever?

THE END.

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